

1048

TX1
K57X
C.2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

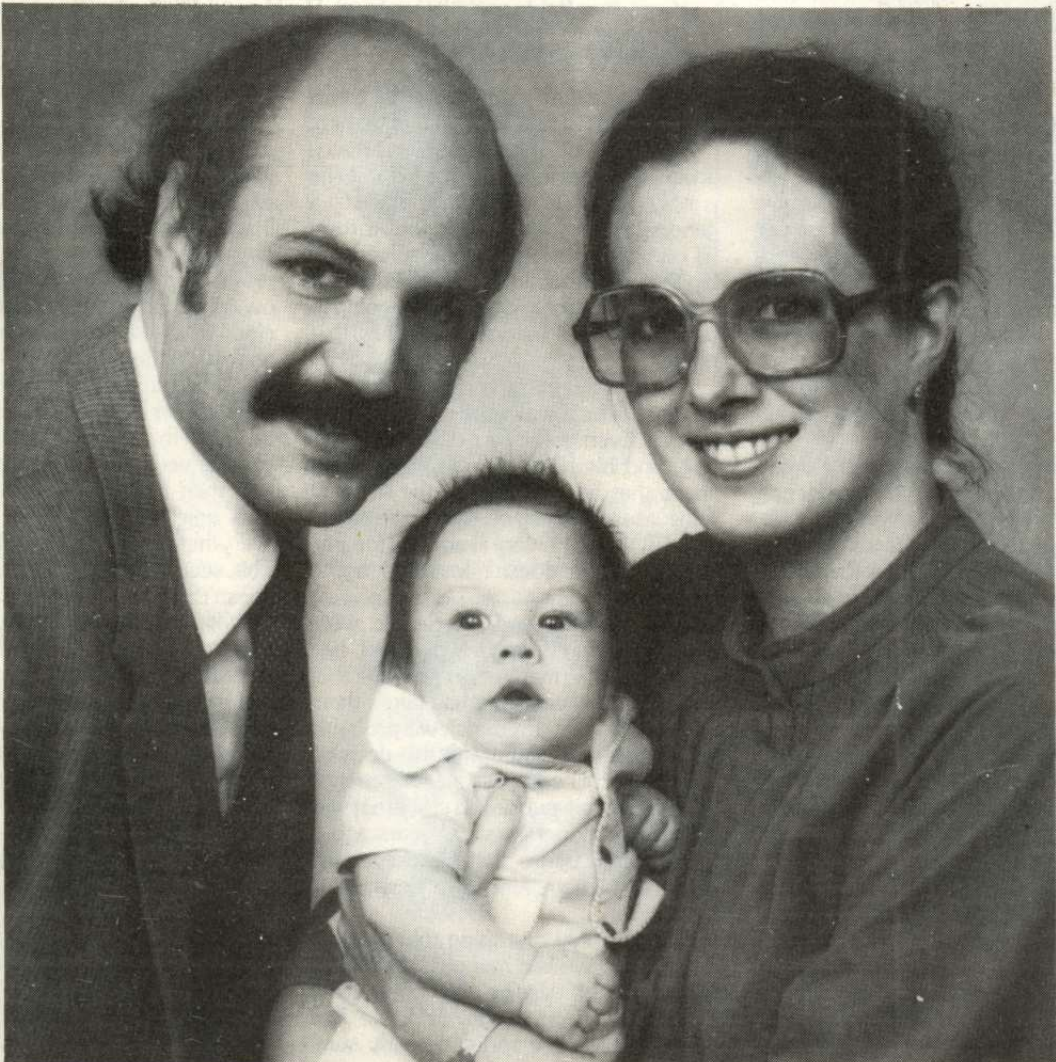
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 45

MARCH, 1981

NUMBER 3



JAN 82
735 W E PEARSON
502 HAMBURG AVE
ST JOHNS PL MO 65105

Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)
MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$6.00.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1981 by The Driftmier Company

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a perfect winter afternoon for getting off a letter to you because it's too cold to budge out of the house except for going to work or running urgent errands. I don't regret this. We've needed snow so desperately here in southwestern Iowa that it's a genuine joy to hear the snowplows grinding away, and to look out the windows at sizable drifts piled up here and there. We need every flake that falls.

Last month I told you that we were looking forward to a visit from Eugenie and Martin Strom. Well, they arrived almost to the minute of what their plans called for, and it certainly made us happy to see them again. When I heard what their work encompasses I was amazed that they could get away at all—I think they were also amazed to be in Shenandoah rather than in Maple Lake, Minnesota.

After a delicious meal (almost a duplicate of the one served when Frederick and Betty were here overnight), we settled down in front of a beautiful blaze in the fireplace and covered the water-front, so to speak. We could have continued much longer, but they had to get up early. We wanted them to eat a hearty breakfast before heading towards Harlingen, Texas, where Martin's parents, Marge and Oliver Strom, are spending the winter. That meant that we had to conclude our conversation swiftly and then turn in for the night. All in all, it was a most happy time even though it had to be so brief.

I want to thank all of you friends who wrote to me about the experiences of living with a Doberman. There seems to be no argument whatsoever about the intelligence of this breed of dog. Hawkeye continually amazes Betty Jane and me with his ability to try to put one over on us, and I'll confess that sometimes he comes very close to success! Just about the time we think we've really gotten through to him, he'll tackle the same trick from an entirely different angle, and



The countless friends who have gotten acquainted with Robin Justiz through her twice-a-week radio visits with Julia, will be glad to see this recent picture. It was taken when Robin and her husband, Dr. Manuel Justiz, drove to Shenandoah in December to visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Read, and her grandmother, Mrs. Virgie Redfield.

—Photo by Barton's Studio

thus we're taken completely off guard and can't move fast enough to stop him.

The bulk of the havoc he creates around here springs from the fact that he is now only four months old and still a genuine puppy. It's his size that throws us off. At four months, he is already so big that we expect him to act like a well-trained, fully grown dog, and it's going to be quite a spell before he reaches that point.

Fortunately, there is no doubt in our minds that he is well worth all of the commotion. Even now he is a very handsome dog, and his hearing is so fantastically sharp that he can react to the slightest unusual sound even one coming from far away. It would be very ill-advised for anyone whom he doesn't know to try to sneak up on him.

Both Julia and Frederick were horrified when they heard that I had gotten a Doberman. I don't believe that anything I've ever done has taken them so aback! In fact, Frederick will probably never make his peace with this decision because of his one personal experience plus one widely publicized story that was in the newspapers several years ago. I know in my bones that Hawkeye isn't going to be that kind of a destructive Doberman.

There is only one thing that we'd do differently if we had had our "druthers". It would be easier to cope with Hawkeye's puppy behavior if we had gotten him in late spring or early summer. As it was, he had to come to us on January 1, 1981, and since Dobermans do not have heavy, shaggy coats to keep them warm, he hasn't been able to be out in the backyard for his needed ripping

and snorting around.

Just before our unprecedented warm January weather took an abrupt turn into genuine winter, Betty Jane and I had an experience that seems amusing now, but it was most exasperating at the time it happened.

We hadn't been anywhere to stay overnight for a long, long time, so we decided to take off on a Saturday morning and just amble around towards Maryville, Missouri, and then turn off towards Conception Junction where there are buildings that I wanted Betty Jane to see. We planned to stay overnight someplace and then head back home on Sunday with time enough to stop and explore everything that attracted our attention. This seems like a reasonable little jaunt, doesn't it?

Well, Saturday morning we awakened to a beautiful day (more like September than January) and set about packing the few little things we'd need for overnight, stowed away Hawkeye's food, and were all set to leave when we heard a terrific crash—it sounded like some kind of heavy explosion. Then we heard sirens blowing full blast. These emergency vehicles came to a stop right in front of Marge and Oliver's house where a car or pick-up truck had crashed full force into a big pole that carries the utility lines.

Simultaneously to the crash, we found that we had no electricity—everything in our house that runs by electricity had stopped dead. Now, our garage door is controlled by an electric gadget that is pressed to get the door up or down. We didn't know anyone to call who could handle that door manually. The upshot

(Continued on page 22)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

There are two typewriters tapping away this morning, one here in Wisconsin and the other in Katharine's busy house in Maryland. When she and I talked on the phone last evening, she mentioned that she would have many things to tell you in her letter. Inaugural week was packed with firsthand excitement for Katharine, so she'll have many interesting experiences to share.

On January 20, we had two television sets at the Academy for the older children to watch during the swearing in of our new President. As I watched the proceedings, I wondered if Katharine was able to see them at her office from a televised view, such as ours. Little did I realize what she was really seeing.

That entire day, our school was immersed in an "up-tick" emotional sweep of major proportions. The children and teachers were all caught up in an indescribable wave of good feelings which were intensified by the appealing tone of the President's speech. When we returned to our classroom, there was so much in his speech that we could elaborate upon that I hardly knew where to begin.

One of the phrases that President Reagan used was "moral courage". While the children were out for recess, I put these words on the blackboard and below them posed the questions, "What is it?" "Do you have it?" Well! The answers, one paragraph in length, which I received from these fifth-grade students, first left me speechless, caused by the lump in my throat; my second reaction was a reaffirming of my faith that our country is in for a rebirth of its greatness.

One of the best answers came from a quiet boy named Martin Gallun who said that he thought he had courage. To him the phrase meant having the strength and bravery to do what was right regardless of the conditions, even if it meant he would risk his reputation to defend what was right. He stated further that it meant the willingness to pursue an end alone, if necessary, to avoid a course that his conscience told him was wrong.

I believe at least half of the class now has a solid, positive definition of morality. If this could be brought out just by a simple question, certainly school children across the country will continue to develop better standards of moral courage through their coming years of school.

At the same time we were writing this paragraph, several of the children in the



Mary Beth Driftmier teaches fifth-grade students in this classroom at the Academy near her home in Delafield, Wisconsin.

fifth grade were also finishing essays. The Daughters of the American Revolution sponsor a history essay contest each year and this year there are seven students from my class (plus two from the other fifth-grade section) who decided to try their hand at writing a composition for the competition. The title of their essay had to relate to a military leader at the Battle of Yorktown. The leader could be either British or American. The students found their own resource books and did their writing in the hours above and beyond those needed to complete their regular homework assignments. I was pretty tickled to have so many of these children interested enough in history that they would volunteer to do this much extra work. It reaffirms the opinion that the teaching of American History at the fifth-grade level is correct and proper. Some of the students think it is not the most interesting subject, which probably is my fault, but they certainly rose to the occasion at the first hint of a contest.

Speaking of students reminds me that our student in Evanston has had a big fly drop into her well-planned life. She made sure that she and Mr. Molloy (who wrote *The Woman's Dress for Success*, reviewed in last month's magazine) were in agreement about her shoes and suit and attache case for her beginning interviews in the business world. However, Mr. Molloy did not include in his costume suggestions any considerations for crutches or a cast on a broken foot.

Adrienne was giving her mind a change of subject matter with a short game of indoor field hockey when she slipped on the floor and twisted her foot and fell. This in itself was painful, but, when one of her teammates stumbled across her in the ensuing scramble and stepped directly on the side of her arch, the bones and tendons in her arch parted

company. She spent the better part of the next day in the Evanston Hospital emergency room waiting to see a doctor. Her story was amusing and worth repeating—if a story of broken bones contains any humor at all.

When Adrienne hobbled into the hospital, she was immediately put into a wheelchair. Because it was a very busy day in the emergency room, she was wheeled to the side of a hallway and the little steps upon which her feet rested were turned toward the wall. She reported that looking at the wall wasn't so bad for the first fifteen minutes, but she soon grew curious to see what was going on about her.

Hospital administration is one of the occupations Adrienne is sorting through in the back of her mind for future work. During her wait, she figured she was missing out on an opportunity to view a medical facility from inside. Reaching back into her memory of riding around on the front step of her Granny Driftmier's wheelchair, she soon called back to active use the details of how to release the brakes and how to steer with the wheels. Soon she had whipped around and was heading down the hall to investigate how the Evanston Hospital was run. The place was really buzzing with activities. The ladies were all wearing the pink uniforms which she remembered her other grandmother wearing for so many years.

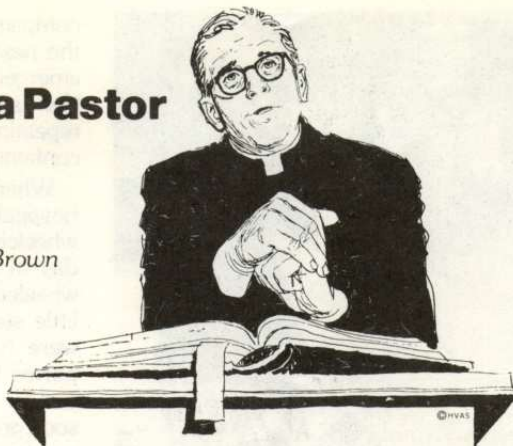
As it worked out, she was there for many hours before she was taken to the X-ray department. She was put into a wrap cast which hardens within hours. Fortunately, the weather moderated enough that she has thus far been able to get around the Northwestern campus without falling on any ice. The verdict is not yet in concerning the matching attache case and the proper height high-heeled shoes recommended by Mr. Molloy for job interviews. I hope her feet realize the imperative nature of their adjusting again to The Shoes.

The weather has thrown us into premature illusions of spring. Don is out tinkering with the generator of the old car which stands in the driveway during the months that Adrienne is away at school. Our old, old kitty is sitting on the stone sill outside of my bedroom window soaking up the warm sunshine. The wild cowboy cats, who are never allowed outside, are lying directly inside the window soaking up the same sun, probably wishing they could figure a way to sneak out the door. Being boy cats, they have an inner voice which whispers that there are exciting things on the other side of those doors and windows. This winter has been one long fight to get in and out of the house without one of them streaking through the opening simultaneously.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

Farewell to a Pastor

by
Mabel Nair Brown



When it comes time to bid farewell to a pastor and family, many emotions are involved and it is often difficult to know just what to do or say. If you are planning such a farewell party, avoid making it a dreary, sorrowful occasion. Instead, let it be a celebration of thanksgiving for the accomplishments of the pastor. Pastors of the neighboring churches could be invited to make brief talks.

SCRIPTURES: (Read responsively by two readers.)

First: *Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always to the close of the age.*

Second: *Compassion, lowliness, weakness, and patience . . . as you teach one another in all wisdom.*

First: *I charge you in the presence of God . . . preach The Word, convince and exhort, be unfailing in patience . . . always be steady, enduring suffering, fulfil your ministry.*

Second: *For this is the message which you have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.*

—Selected verses from Matt. 28, Col. 3, I Tim and I John 3.

PRAYER: This Scripture from Philemon, first chapter, is offered as our thank you prayer. (Read Philemon I: 4-7 RSV)

HYMN: "Faith of Our Fathers".

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Churches often set high goals for their ministers; they want one with the strength of an eagle, the gentleness of a dove, the grace of a swan, the eye of a hawk, the friendliness of a sparrow, the night hours of an owl, the industry of a woodpecker, the attractiveness of a peacock and the tough skin of a gander. Some bird!

READING: "What Is a Minister?" (Inspired by Alan Beck's essay, "What Is a Boy?")

What is a minister? To some a minister is a person in a dark suit who always carries a Bible, a person who shouts and pounds the pulpit—too often with more

noise than sense. One who prepares at least 104 sermons a year plus talks to the nursing homes, the PTA, the invocation for lodge dinners and a soft touch for transients stalled in a worn-out old jalopy, a glad-hander and a supercharge dynamo at fund-raising.

Ministers come in all sizes, shapes, colors and both sexes. They start life as little boys or girls who are as mischievous and get as dirty as the neighbor's kids. Their pockets are filled with a wide assortment of kid stuff and when they become ministers they collect more and carry it in briefcases.

Ministers may be found standing behind pulpits, holding hands with the elderly, painting the parsonage, speaking to the women's club, out in the field to admire a farmer's latest machinery purchase, saying a prayer at the bedside in a hospital, on the floor in a sleeping bag at an all-night youth fellowship sleep-in, or tending the parsonage baby while reading from a book and with ears listening for the telephone.

A minister is a dozen-in-one package: a teacher, a prayerer, a fixer, a counselor, a consoler, a blesser of bread, a diplomat, a part-time church janitor and office helper and in between times, a spouse and a parent.

Ministers like to call when you are cleaning the hall closet or have just come from working in the garden. Strangely you soon forget and are talking about your problems or agreeing to teach a church school class. A minister is on call seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day and often crams seventy hours into a forty-hour week. A minister has the most comforting voice in times of sorrow and the most encouraging words in times of trouble.

Someday, when all the reports are filed, the pastor-relations committee can discover no more faults to be corrected, the youth have all become "little angels", the marriages all counseled, members of the congregation all become dedicated and willing to work, and the parsonage family is grown up in spite of being "preacher's kids", then the minister can retire and take up fishing or needlepoint

instead of books.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Here now is (name) to speak on behalf of the women's society of the church.

SOCIETY PRESIDENT: Saying farewell is never an easy task and at a time like this how we wish we had passed out our roses of appreciation along the way—then we wouldn't find ourselves at a loss for words. I decided I could express our thoughts better in the form of a "thank-you letter".

Dear Rev. (Name):

As we have known you, worked with you and watched you going about your many tasks, you have given us a greater trust in people. By example you have shown us the importance of caring for and sharing with others. You have given us a better understanding of living life well, of giving your best to the job which needs doing. For this we are most grateful.

Because of your encouragement and your sincere appreciation of our own efforts, you have made us feel needed and important and instilled in us the motivation to work harder. Your accomplishments in the church and your contributions to the community have made us proud. We have been happy to have been co-workers with you on many occasions and we thank you for pointing up to us the opportunities to serve.

As you leave here we want you to take our prayers and good wishes for the future years. We wish the best for you and your family in your new home.

Accept our sincere thanks and God bless you. —The Women's Society

(NOTE: At this point, different organizations of the church might have a representative to express the appreciation of that particular group—youth, men's group, church school teachers, etc.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: In conclusion, may I offer this verse: For (give number of years pastor served this church) years you've filled a special niche,

Guiding (name of church) in paths sure and exact,

Patient with small details, making our hours rich

With your skills, kindness, love and tact. You know the value of little things:

Verbal bouquets, the art of listening, tried to understand,

Bright humor to relieve pressures and tension—

All these have touched us like a brand. These are the qualities that made us love you, call you friend,

With justice, earnest effort and love you've brought us to one accord,

As we have worked and prayed and played together,

In the service of the Lord.

(At this time a gift might be presented.)

CLOSING: All sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" followed by a benediction.



Anna Kingery

PROFILE OF AN IOWA WOMAN

by
Betty Rogers

She appears to be a typical elderly widow living alone on the Iowa farm she and her husband had cultivated since 1948—a retired teacher, hosting her garden club, attending church, visiting her neighbors, keeping up with gardening, canning, and enjoying visits from her daughters and grandchildren.

But if you observe a little longer, Anna Kingery of Mt. Etna, Iowa, will also be seen helping unload fifty-pound bags of seed corn from the semi-trailer truck which has just pulled into her yard. She frequently attends sales meetings, calls on seed corn customers, hosts a three-day open house—all duties that have become hers because of her position as a seed corn salesperson. She is the only woman to hold that position for the major seed company for whom she works.

How is it that Anna Kingery is so successful in a field almost completely dominated by men?

It all began when her husband Everett's failing health made it necessary for her to help him in his seed corn business. Though she was a full-time teacher, for several years she drove him to call on customers, helped make out orders, and accompanied him to meetings at which they both deepened their knowledge of all the technicalities involved. After her retirement, she helped even more, and when Everett died in March of 1978, it seemed logical for her to continue the business.

Anna is proud of her success (in her first year she won a trip to Hawaii) but she admits there are problems. For instance, a truck load consists of six hundred bags of corn! But her son-in-law and three husky grandsons live nearby, and neighbors—in the rural tradition—are always willing to lend a hand to help with the unloading.

Another problem arises in the spring when farmers come to get their seed. Anna finds herself tied to her home for many weeks as customers arrive at all hours. Even after orders are filled, there

are often emergency calls from a farmer who needs another bag or two to finish a field. Anna does not intend to keep a customer waiting, especially if he might be trying to get his last field planted before gathering clouds release a downpour of rain, so she turns down all invitations until she is sure there isn't another person around who might need another bag of seed corn.

A great deal more than being available is involved in Anna's success. A farmer asks many questions of his seed corn salesperson; getting the correct answers may determine the difference between profit and loss. What is the potential yield of any of the dozens of varieties available? The cost? What is the "dry-down"? Which will produce best for a particular soil? What soil nutrients might be needed? Anna must have the answers to these questions, and many more.

Anna recently celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday, but the number of years seems unimportant to those who know her. Though only five feet tall and slightly over one hundred pounds, she can still toss bales of hay to her cattle, recently was up on her roof repairing the shingles, and can stand on her head to entertain her grandchildren. These abilities wouldn't necessarily make her special, but another quality surfaces when one learns about her girlhood. She had enrolled in the college-preparation course in high school, but her father went to the school and changed her to the normal training course. She would have to teach, he said, for there was no money for college. So Anna taught with zest and eagerness, and, eventually, success. She wasted no energy in resentment or wishful thinking, but after several years of teaching, financed her own college experience. As a young married woman, she worked at direct selling for a time, then, when the opportunity arose, went back to teaching.

After retirement from the schoolroom at the age of sixty-five, there was the challenge of gardening, the joy of church work, and of nearby grandchildren. Anna has a strong faith in God, and is convinced of the power of prayer. This became her support as Everett's health began to fail. The growing need to participate fully in his seed corn business thrust Anna into the forefront of modern agriculture with its fast-changing technology.

Anna didn't ask herself if she really wanted to sell corn, just as she had not asked herself if she really wanted to teach. These were thrust upon her, and she did what she had to do. There was no time to wonder if this would satisfy her inner need, or help her "find herself". She has learned that these qualities are not necessarily found in *what* one does, but in *how* one faces the tasks that must be

done. The pattern of her life is to face each challenge, examine it and determine what must be done, then do it. And the joy is in the doing.

Yes, Anna is special. It isn't her age, nor her gender, nor her job. Maybe it is her confidence that none of these things really matter. She made her own choices when she could, but when she couldn't, she simply pushed ahead with what she had.

Anna Kingery—a woman of which Iowa is proud.

MARCH

Gentle like a lamb at play,
Fierce as lions held at bay.
Peaceful like a spring breeze,
Fretful with a feverish sneeze.
Quiet as a cloud floating on high,
Loud with booming thunder nearby.
Warm and welcome sunshine rays,
Cold and snowy, sleety days.
Bright with green grass growing,
Dull and drab, dead wood showing.
Playful, carefree as a child,
Rough and spoiled, so often wild.
March with personality split,
Part sweet spring, half bitter yet.

—Adena Clayton

RECIPE

When the universe seems dreary
And your heart and head grow weary
Of the day, a guest and bore,
There's a recipe for humming,
And for getting good thoughts coming—
Simply smile a little more.

Smiles will solice you like bowers,
Get the dust off all life's flowers,
And will open each shut door . . .
So, when doom is getting thicker,
Wind yourself and be a ticker—
Smile, and keep on smiling more.
—William Walter DeBolt

COVER PICTURE

This month our cover picture is your first "formal" introduction to the newest member of our family, Stephen Louis DiCicco. Little Stephen is shown with his proud parents, Rich and Emily Driftmier DiCicco. He represents the fourth generation of our Driftmier family and is the first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Driftmier of Denver, Colorado. Paternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Louis DiCicco of Brooklyn, New York.

Rich has such a frantic schedule with his own firm of Control Data that it's a wonder he was at home in Arlington, Virginia, long enough to get down to a photographer's studio. Emily is equally busy, what with juggling Stephen's care between her own professional job with the Overseas Education Fund which she has not dropped in its entirety.

—Lucile



KATHARINE DRIFTMIER WRITES TO US THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

Really! There's no explaining it! I have no idea how it happened, or when, or where. And I cannot imagine how I could have let it happen, for this was not by my intention or design.

Somewhere, blinded by the bright haze of excitement which surrounds me here, I completely lost my homesickness. I noticed that it was gone tonight as I was driving home from the lab. I commute about twenty miles to work each day, and tonight, as I found my place among the six p.m. travelers, my eyes followed the paired chains of red and white lights. I smiled inside. What FUN! How I like it here! All those drivers—working, busy people—probably weary just as I. And transient people, as I, who have come to Washington, D.C., pursuing their callings.

By now the car knows the way home so my mind can wander. I'm surprised to be smiling at this metropolitan rush hour, for just a couple of months ago the confrontation with the interstate every day was too much to enjoy. I compared this bustling city life with my relatively quiet existence in Madison and cried. I used to walk the two-mile distance to work, or ride my bike as the days lengthened along the Lakeshore Path on the University of Wisconsin campus. Now I join the thousands of commuters to line the entrance ramps of the Washington, D.C., Beltway each morning at seven to begin my cosmopolitan day.

Coming to Washington was to be a temporary diversion. Two years, I rationalized, would be proper. For I really HAD to come. My new job is an exciting step in the right direction. And to be offered an opportunity to sojourn in as brilliant a city as Washington, D.C., is too much to deny. I obediently left Madison for this new home but I fully intended NOT to like it. I wanted to live close to my family so we could have Sundays together. I did not want to live halfway across the continent from them so our visits are only once a year. I love Wisconsin. It will be my home forever. This move east was to have met my obligation to a new challenge—but not permanently.

So HOW and WHEN this change of heart? Today I realized that I have not been homesick for weeks. I was fully enjoying my new home and the fun of fresh new activities and friends. I've been missing my family continually (as Ma Bell can attest), yet the fantasy to return



Katharine Driftmier is an entomologist in the Molecular Biology Division of the Bethesda Research Laboratory in Bethesda, Maryland.

immediately to reclaim my Midwestern home has vanished. How can this be?

It may have been the Inaugural flourish that was my distraction. I was lucky enough to have been excused from work that Tuesday. I got up early and headed with determination to Capitol Hill for the swearing-in ceremonies. I rode the Metro, Washington's beautiful above ground-underground train, since I knew that driving and parking would be nearly impossible. I think that riding the public transit helped to foster the feeling of being a proud and involved American citizen.

Admittance to the ceremonies was by ticket only, so my first obligation was to find myself a ticket. My friend, Todd, works for the Office of Finance, yet he didn't have access to tickets either. So, with only two hours until the ceremony began, we put our heads together and realized that we have a friend in Senator Hatch of Utah, who would certainly help us if he could. Soon, with tickets in hand, we were shouldering our way into American history.

The ceremony was beautiful! The speeches and the prayer are to be remembered for their insight. Although we were standing quite a ways from the action on the platform, we could see the President. All his words were brightly broadcast over a public address system to the far lawns of the Mall so all could hear. I was thrilled to have been there.

In fact, it was thrilling to have been in Washington that whole weekend. There had been fireworks at the Lincoln Memorial—beautiful fireworks more elaborate than any I had ever seen before. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, in town for the Inauguration, made its Sunday morning broadcast over CBS radio from a church in Georgetown and I

was present for that too, sitting right near the front where I could see all their smiling, singing faces. They sang beautiful patriotic and religious music to grace "The Spoken Word", just as we used to listen every Sunday morning at home. All the festivities were certainly memorable for a girl who was just weeks removed from the Midwest.

This is quite a city of extremes. Anything a person could want is easily found here, at least I've had no trouble keeping busy. At the Kennedy Center there are continual opportunities for music and other performing arts. I went to hear Jean Pierre Rampall when he was here since he's long been a favorite of mine and I have several albums of his virtuoso flute music. To my delight, my seat was in the front row of the orchestra section, which actually put me on the stage from where I could observe every detail.

Though dressing up is always fun, yearning to dress down is something of Madison I'll never lose. My house is situated just blocks from the Rock Creek Park, with its miles of bike trails and many old trees, some of which are two hundred years old. I found a wonderful book, *Natural Washington*, which identifies itself as "A nature lover's guide to the parks, wildlife sanctuaries, hiking and bicycling trails, botanic gardens, zoos, nature centers, swamps and marshes, recreation areas, forests, working farms, aquariums, museums, tree refuges, and wild places within a fifty-mile radius of Washington, D.C." It makes mention of the special opportunities in each listing: displays, plants, animals and history of each site. And there is actually snow here sometimes, I was surprised to find, so my cross-country skis have not sat idly by.

The parts of living in Washington which have been the most pleasing to me, however, are the wonderful people I've found here. I'm really happy to have my cousins, Rich and Emily DiCicco, living in this area. This is the first time I've ever lived close to any of my Driftmier relatives and it's a sweet experience. We have had lovely evenings together visiting over dinner. To walk around their house and see pictures of MY relatives and ancestors on THEIR walls is startling at first—and comforting. Walking into their home for the first time I did not feel like a stranger at all. Though I've never met Emily (as far as I can recall) she is FAMILY and that made us loving friends immediately. I'm really looking forward to seeing a great deal of their threesome.

The stories of the people I've met will make up another entire letter. Without them, all my introduction to Washington would not have been so easy and pleasant. In a time when I could have been tortured by a lonely, unfamiliar situation, there were many, many kind people who befriended me. Through my

(Continued on page 22)



The White Oak Church is located in central Iowa near Elkhart. The present building is the third to be built on this spot. It was purchased from the Evangelical United Brethren Church in 1966 and became an Independent Community Church. In 1973, the congregation built the addition which includes bathrooms, a nursery and youth room.

A 100-YEAR CELEBRATION

by
Marjorie McCauley

Records show that our little White Oak country church has served the community for a century or more, so a single celebration event seemed inadequate. A full twelve months of special events have been set apart for reminiscing, contemplation, fellowship, fun and dedication. At this writing, some of our plans are already completed and some of the ideas are still being developed.

Last summer, the theme for the Vacation Church School was, "Pioneering on Life's Trail". On the platform at the front of the church stood a small covered wagon. A log cabin (built from reinforced cardboard cartons with painted log siding and an open window and door) stood nearby. From behind the log wall, the senior and junior high students maneuvered puppets through the open door and window. Their voices told appropriate stories. The ones who put on the plays enjoyed them just as much as the little ones who watched. Each day of the school, the children brought small gift items for the selected missionaries and placed them in the covered wagon. On the last day of school, the gifts were dedicated to their purpose and put in the mail. Concluding activity was an old-fashioned picnic with pioneer costumes.

In October, we held Bulb Planting Day. Each family in the church brought bulbs to give in memory of someone or in appreciation for some event. One young couple dedicated their planting "in anticipation of our first baby due in the spring". Recognition of the gifts and givers was put in the bulletin. After a fellowship dinner, we all went out to prepare the soil and plant the bulbs. When weather permits, we plan to do a second planting after the bulbs have bloomed to fill in the

area with petunias and blooming annuals.

December was an especially happy month. The Christmas tree was hauled up the hill from the timber. We used only homemade ornaments—strings of popcorn, tinted popcorn balls, paper chains, pine cones hung on bright ribbons, "stained glass" cookies, stuffed felt ornaments, etc.

The program was unusual. Each person, group or class who wished to, put their names on a piece of paper and put it in the slot of a large box wrapped as a Christmas gift. As each paper was drawn the day of the program, that person, family, or group, presented their "gift": a song, a reading, a skit, instrumental music, etc. Some of the selections were from the old McGuffey school readers of the 1800's.

An evening of caroling was held. Families met early at the church to pack sacks of homemade goodies. Each new family, shut-in, elderly or ill person in the community received a sack treat plus the singing of several Christmas carols. The evening ended in one home with the traditional chili supper. Entire families, young and old, participated.

About this time, our calendars arrived. Every year the church publishes a calendar but this year was special. Each page holds a beautiful picture and inspirational quotation. At the bottom are the words:

White Oak Church—100 Years

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Our Hope for Years to Come

Our New Year's Eve Celebration was planned in four parts: 1. A slide program of pictures taken of the church events during the past year. 2. An old-fashioned supper served family-style. 3. A film, "Happiness Is . . ." 4. A candlelight communion service.

Beginning in January, we started having a special Hymn of the Month.

In February, a big box was made to hold homemade valentines. These were prepared by the girls and young women of the church who made old-fashioned valentines out of wallpaper. Each heart featured an action message such as: "Take a freshly baked cake to a shut-in." "Call someone who is lonely." "Write a note of appreciation." The valentines were taken from the box by each family in turn on the Sunday closest to Valentine's Day.

One of the special events planned for spring was a Kite Fly Sunday. The congregation gathered in a neighboring hillside meadow. Everyone who wished brought a kite to fly. Also, we sent up helium balloons carrying the names and addresses of our members. Games, prizes, a campfire and a wiener roast, were included. In the evening, we had old-time country and gospel music accompanied by guitars, dulcimers, har-

monicas and a mandolin.

Ongoing projects include: 1. A small historical booklet. 2. A Memorial Library which was started by a former member who moved out of the state and sent back a contribution to buy the first books for the library. We hope that additional memorial gifts and contributions will add to the growing number of books. We also plan to subscribe to the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine for the library. 3. A cookbook which will be handwritten and copies made on a duplicating machine (we do not have enough money to have it printed) and tied with yarn. Besides the obvious sections, we are hoping to have Recipes from Our Missionaries, Kids in the Kitchen, Men at the Stove, Fun and Games (like play dough and cinder gardens), Olde Tyme Recipes, Camp Cooking and Barbecues, and Recipes from Special People.

FOR A WEDDING CELEBRATION

Many couples have been having an open house or a reception in honor of their wedding anniversary in recent years. It is not only the trend to celebrate the silver and golden wedding anniversaries by such a big event, but the thirty-fifth, fortieth, etc., are celebrated this way also.

A few years ago, I made a mock marriage license for an open house in honor of my husband's parent's fortieth anniversary. These parents are often called parents-in-law or parents-in-love. We duplicated the mock document and our six-year-old daughter gave a copy of it to all of the guests as they arrived.

The language of the original marriage certificate was used throughout in the mock copy: "This certifies that this is the open house in honor of the 40th wedding anniversary of Ty and Tence."

The mock certificate continued with all of the information from the couple's original license plus a poem about friends, a thank you to the guests for coming, a thank you to the church for the use of the building, and a short history of the lives of the honored pair.

The mock record was made on legal size paper approximately the same size as the original document. It was folded exactly as the original and placed in envelopes. The envelopes were made from construction paper like the original marriage license wallet. The original wallet was blue, but I made the mock ones in red—the fortieth anniversary color. We placed the original document in the center of a floral arrangement that was part of a centerpiece on the table that held the guest book and copies of the mock records to be given out.

If you like this idea, perhaps you will use it at your celebration. Happy Anniversary!
—B. W. Coats

THE AMERICAN FARMER— LONG MAY HE WAVE

by
I. E. Burgess

Spring! The ducks wing their way north, the red-winged blackbird stakes out his territory with his rusty, raucous call and the farmers wave at the passing motorists. The farmers wave at the passing motorists? A farmer waving at a motorists is a sign of spring? Most assuredly.

From the first icy breath of winter, the farmer is coveralled, ear-tabbed and overshod as he makes his way from machine shed to feed lot to milk barn. But at the first hint of spring, the farmer wiggles from his clothing cocoon, stretches his winter-bound muscles, and becomes his old gregarious self.

Science has proven that fingerprints are an unimpeachable source of identification, but science has never researched another infallible source of identification, a farmer's wave.

To one who has been privileged to travel 130 miles daily through the countryside for a decade, I have learned to recognize each farmer by the way he greets me in passing. The following facts have also emerged: waves can be cataloged and categorized in the following manner—arm-fully-extended wave, elbow-close-to-the-body wave, the thumb-up, the nod (both up and down) and one of several varieties that do not fit into any of the above categories.

In the area of north-central Kansas where I travel, the arm-extended has several advantages. The farmer can use this particular wave when he recognizes the passing motorists. It also can be used to say "howdy" to a strange car. Its strongest points are that it can be used when a man's back is to the motorists, when he is busy, and while studying a piece of equipment. The farmer hears a passing automobile, he raises his arm, thumb up, and never once does he have to break his mental concentration.

The elbow-close-to-the-body wave, although not as popular as the arm-extended, does have its devoted followers. Strangely enough, the elbow-close-to-the-body crowd seems to be more introverted and less extroverted than the arm-extended group.

Among the minority groups of wavers are the bead-drawers; the bead-drawer points his forefinger directly at you as though drawing a bead on you. Then there is the Indian-giver. He lifts his hand up with the palm forward in the universal Indian-white man peace sign. Finally there is the non-looker. The non-looker gives you a quick, furtive glance, then looks away as though intently studying something in the opposite direction, then gives a quick, almost secretive wave.

When the farmer finds it impossible to



Roy Querrey is a friend and neighbor to Dorothy and Frank Johnson. As with most farmers, he does much work with his tractor all year around.

give the courtesy of a wave because both hands are occupied, he still shows his neighborliness by nodding his head. Some use a quick uplifting of their chins. Others will duck their heads quickly. Usually, the ones who tilt their chins upward are the arms-extended practitioners, while the head-duckers usually fall into the elbow-close-to-the-body group.

So far we have been discussing only farmers who are outside their vehicles, but I have found that a farmer driving a pickup is undoubtedly one of the friendliest people left on earth. Since he is a safe driver, rather than lift his hand from the wheel, he has developed several ways to say "Hi" to his friends and neighbors. Many will lift only a forefinger from the wheel as they meet you on the road, others merely nod. Some nod and smile. My favorite is the one who drives with both hands at the top of the steering wheel with his thumbs hooked under the wheel. When he meets you, he raises the fingers of both hands looking for all the world like a bird in flight.

As a food producer the American farmer is second to none in the entire world; long may he wave.

A SPRIG OF PARSLEY

All winter long I've been fascinated with a parsley plant growing on my kitchen table. I brought some small plants in from the garden last fall and I'm amazed and grateful for the way they are keeping my winter days bright. The kitchen plant just keeps growing and sending out new green shoots daily even though it receives very little window light. At this time, the parsley is growing in a one-pound coffee can. If it keeps on growing, it will soon need to be changed to a two-pound can.

Not only is my parsley a beautiful plant, but it is handy to clip bits to add to a salad or soup—I even like a sprig cut up on my mashed potatoes.

—Verna Sparks

SEPARATE THE GOATS FROM THE SHEEP

by
Ruth Townsend

The other day a friend of mine called to tell me that one of their goats had three babies. It made me think back to the time when we raised goats—such interesting creatures.

I have always wondered why people say, "That will separate the sheep from the goats." From the contact I've had with both, I think it should be, "... separate the goats from the sheep." Goats have a great deal more personality than sheep and should be named first. In my opinion, any separating that is done should put the goats out in front.

Sheep are so often visualized as soft, wooly creatures, sweet and loving, the Mary's-little-lamb type. But if you have ever worked with sheep, your preconceived notions soon vanish. Most sheep are stupid. They huddle together and refuse to move even when urged to walk into a new and finer pasture. They will mill around and wait for a leader under any and all circumstances. And they will follow anyone, no matter who, if he is assertive and moves forward boldly.

I remember reading a book about a boy and his sheep. He found that a ewe has only one moment when she has even a halfway intelligent look on her face—when she realizes that she has just produced a new lamb. But five minutes later she can be standing three feet away from her own baby and not know where it is. She will bleat her head off but make no move to try to locate her missing offspring. That's just how dumb sheep are!

But take goats. They are full of personality. They have been given a bad reputation as smelly creatures with a predilection for tin cans at mealtime. But few people go beyond such a picture to see the real creature. Goats may be a nuisance, in fact they often are, but they are not dull. They start off, heads high, to see what the world is all about. They may get their horns caught in a fence or cut themselves trying to get over the barbed wire, but they are on the move. They are not mass creatures, one indistinguishable from another. They can, and will, lead sheep when the need arises, but they do so with a flair. Goats look you in the eye and seem to smile, as though to say, "You can't hold me in. I'm not afraid of life no matter what may come." Life is not easy for goats, but it is full of adventure. They are animals who live life to the fullest.

It takes all kinds of creatures to make a complete world. I'm glad we have sheep, of course, but **LONG LIVE THE GOATS!**





Why not have the good St. Patrick as guest of honor at your March party? Your guests will enjoy a bit o' Irish fun. Make invitations by using cutouts of shamrocks or pipes, made from green paper. Place the top leaf of the shamrock or the bowl of the pipe against a folded edge, and the resulting cutout will be in the form of a folder. Write the invitation in white ink on the under flap.

Decorations for the party can consist of green and white crepe paper cut into streamers and festooned around the room. Shamrocks in various sizes can be fastened to the walls or curtains.

Start the party with a get-acquainted game to break the ice.

Paddy Hunt: For this get-acquainted game, scatter cutout symbols of St. Patrick's Day. Have the guests form a circle. A piano player or phonograph starts playing Irish tunes and the circle moves to the right in time with the music. When the music stops, they leave the circle and gather the shamrocks, paper pipes, and potatoes placed about the room. When the music resumes, they must return to the circle, marching around until the music stops again. This is continued until all the cutouts are collected. Points may be given for each type of article, and the highest scorer receives a prize.

Blarney Stone: Place a smooth stone about the size of an egg in the center of a small table. Blindfold the guests one at a time and allow them to find the Blarney Stone and kiss it. If they fail, collect a forfeit. Some forfeits might be: 1. Rub the top of your head with one hand and pat the chest with other at the same time. 2. Eat a doughnut suspended in a doorway without using your hands. 3. Imitate a door-to-door salesman making a sale. 4. Sing "Mary Had a Little Lamb" in operatic style. 5. Give a one-minute oration without using your hands. 6. Place one hand where the other cannot reach it (on the elbow).

Walking to Cork: This game will provide lots of amusement for those sitting on the sideline. Place a cord on the floor

across the room, and give the player a pair of field glasses. He must look through the large end of the glasses, and "Walk to Cork" on the string.

Green Romance: Something less exciting is needed after the last game, so try this pencil game. Copy the verse on cards or duplicate on paper with shamrock decorations. The players are to fill in the words in parentheses with names of things that are green.

He met her at the country club beneath a spreading (tree)

Beside a brook, where drooped the (ferns), as graceful as could be.

The old gray rocks were decked with (moss), like velvet rich and rare, And oh, she was a charming girl, and sweet beyond compare!

She wore a modish sporting suit, the color of a (leaf),

Her ring displayed an (emerald) of price beyond belief.

And round her lovely throat was wound a necklace very neat

Of Chinese (jade), and thus she made her costume quite complete.

They went to play upon the (links), then sought the clubhouse nigh.

They ordered (lettuce) sandwiches, and some (gooseberry) pie.

"No (spinach), please," she said to him. "I never thought it nice,

But I would like to finish up with some (pistachio) ice."

To pay the check, a (greenback) next from out his purse he drew,

Then as they strolled across the (grass) he told his love so true,

"I could not find a girl like you, no, not the whole world over,

So if you, dear, will be my wife, indeed we'll live in (clover)."

Of course she answered, "Yes" to him, and as it may be seen,

In dress, as well as other things, her fancy favored green. Sooo----

When she chose the wedding date, 'twas natural to say

That she'd consent to be his bride upon St. Patrick's Day!

Here are some refreshment suggestions: A black silk hat can be placed on the dining table and lined with ruffled green crepe paper. The favors, placed in the hat, are tied with white ribbons. The ends of the ribbons are spread out on the table and the guests pull the ribbons to get their favors. An inexpensive favor might be lime drops or green mints.

Irish sandwiches are imperative. Roll some of the sandwiches and tie them with narrow green ribbon; cut others in the shape of shamrocks with a cookie cutter. A pimiento and cream cheese filling is a good choice of spread. For dessert, frost small cupcakes with thick white icing, and in the center make a shamrock of green gumdrops. Green and white mints and a cup o' tea provide the finishing touch.

—Mae Dragoo

POTATOES! POTATOES!

by
Dorothy M. Travnicek

Potatoes, potatoes, potatoes—the staple of life for people in many countries.

Potatoes should be peeled very thin for most of the food value is just under the skin or in the peelings. A potato consists of 2.2% protein, 78.3% water, 0.1% fat, 18.4% carbohydrates and 1% ash.

There are many ways to prepare this age-old food: mashed, scalloped, fried, hash-browned, French-fried, gems, baked, twice-baked, buds, patties, fritters, salad, soup, chips, in sausage, bread, cake and dumplings.

I remember when my grandmother put the potato peelings in a big kettle on the back of the old-fashioned cookstove where she added a little water and let them simmer. This gruel was later fed to the flock of laying hens and did those hens ever lay eggs!

Potatoes can also be used in craft work. They are easily carved into a design, dipped into ink or poster paint and pressed onto paper to make interesting patterns.

A recent television program showed natives of South America going with their goats, mules and llamas across mountains to transport potatoes to the foothills and terraces where the eyes were planted. Some of the people stayed to care for the fields. Then, in the fall, the other workers would return to help harvest the crop, load the animals and carry the winter supply of potatoes back over the mountains to their homes.

Until then, I did not realize that potatoes originated in the high plateaus of Peru and Bolivia. Spanish explorers found the food and took sackfuls home to Europe with them about 1550. Somehow, starts were eventually taken to Ireland. (I used to think potatoes originated in Ireland.) Some areas in New England had potatoes brought in as early as 1621. Scottish immigrants came from Ireland and brought potatoes to New Hampshire in 1719. How this familiar vegetable traveled from South America to Spain to Ireland, and how the Scottish immigrants got into the picture and brought starts to the New World, would be interesting to discover.

At any rate, the Irish people did seem to make the potato the famous food it is today for most are referred to as "Irish potatoes".

Whatever they are called, potatoes are a nutritious, tasty food to enjoy in March, or any time of the year.



FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Will this winter never end? We frequently say that New England has no spring; this area just goes from winter to summer. Heavy ice is still on the river and the bay, and that means my grain bill is sky-high. The wild ducks cannot find food until the ice breaks, so I am feeding about 250 of them twice a day. One morning a few weeks ago, I went out of the garage with my bucket of grain, and whom should I meet head-on but all of my ducks parading up our steep driveway. I insisted that they follow me back down the driveway and across the road to the usual feeding spot. What a sight it must have been for the people in the two automobiles which had to stop so that the ducks could cross the road without being hit. When I stopped in the middle of the road to signal to the autos to come to a halt, the ducks insisted on stopping also, some of them even standing on my boots.

But ducks are not the big story at this house—the big story is about the famous geese from the farm of Mr. John Davis, who lives a quarter of a mile around the bend from us. John's family has owned the Davis farm for several generations. It was first given to the family in 1636 by the King of England. Those first members of the Davis clan brought some white geese with them when they came from Wales. The descendants of those original geese are still on the farm.

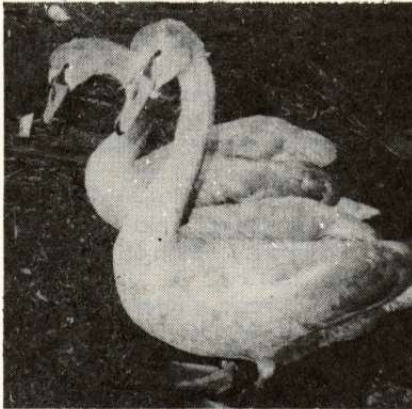
While we were visiting in Omaha, Nebraska, over Christmas, the geese were attacked in the middle of the night by a pack of dogs; fifteen of the geese flew out over the bay and became lost. When we returned from Omaha, those geese discovered that I was feeding the ducks, and soon they were making themselves at home in front of our house. When Mr. Davis came over to get them, they wouldn't let him get near. A few days later, I tried calling the geese in off the ice with the same whistle I use to attract the ducks. They came and we were able to lead them back to the Davis farm.

You would have laughed to see that parade. I went first, blowing my whistle and pounding on the grain bucket. The fifteen geese followed me in single file. Behind them walked Mr. Davis and his son. We had to stop road traffic at certain spots, much to the amusement of the passengers in the cars. The neighbors along the way came out to watch with much laughter and words of advice. Six of the geese finally arrived home, but

nine of them, under the leadership of the "boss gander", made a dash for the river and got away.

A week later, those nine geese were at our backdoor asking to be fed. With the help of Betty and Mr. Davis' son, we caught five of the geese, put each into a burlap bag, and then carried them back to the farm. You should have seen what we used to catch those geese. Mr. Davis has two twelve-foot long goose hooks, each one about 150 years old. After much chasing, yelling, and general excitement, the geese were cornered, one by one, at some point in the back yard or in the woods behind the house. The "boss gander" and three others got away, but they are already coming back to be fed. One of these days, they will also be caught.

Thirty-six years ago, I was ordained a Congregational minister at the beautiful Yale University Chapel. At that time, I felt totally unworthy of my calling, and I



Frederick's consistent habit of feeding the waterfowl attracts a large number of various breeds to his home. He even gives names to those who stay long enough to be recognized. These two swans have been given the names of Ruth and Abigail.

still do. One of the most difficult psychological burdens any clergyman carries is the burden of a feeling of inferiority. After all, how can any human being be worthy of God's calling? What makes it particularly difficult is the fact that the people with whom a clergyman associates just assume that he is a holy person, who is somehow better than other good and decent people. Believe me, it is terribly difficult to live up to that expectation. A minister agonizes over this every day. There is not a day in which I do not ask God's forgiveness for my own failure to be everything that a good clergyman should be.

Yesterday, while sorting through a box of papers up in the attic, I found a verse written by Harry Kemp. It so spoke to my heart, saying so meaningfully how I feel about this matter, that I dashed downstairs to read it aloud to Betty. Here it is:

I kneel not now to pray

That Thou make white one single sin,

I only kneel to thank Thee, Lord,

For what I have not been—

For deeds which sprouted in my heart

But ne'er to bloom were brought,

For monstrous vices which I slew

In the shambles of my thought—

Dark seeds the world has never guessed,

By Hell and passion bred,

Which never grew beyond the bud

That cankered in my head.

Some said I was a righteous man—

Poor fools! The gallows tree,

If Thou hadst let one foot to slip,

Had grown a limb for me!

Have you ever read the book, *A Cornish Childhood*, by the Elizabethan historian and noted lecturer at Oxford University, Mr. A. L. Rowse? I was given the book for Christmas, and I am reading a bit of it each day, savoring each line, and lingering over each paragraph. In it, Mr. Rowse points out that there is a certain "village temperament" one finds in all small towns. It is a temperament nurtured on hatred of one's neighbor. In a small town, he says, one finds much malicious gossip. Small town people actually seem to delight in finding reasons to speak unkindly of someone very close to them; many times it is the next-door neighbor.

When I read that, I wondered why the author concluded that this attitude was caused by "village temperament". It has been my observation that the hatred of one's neighbor, and the tendency to speak ill of other people with whom one lives or works, is not so much a matter of residence in small places as it is a condition of small people. Wherever you find people with small minds, small interests, and small charities, there you will find people who seem to take a delight in hating their neighbors.

Betty and I have been getting lots of exercise this winter shoveling the snow off our long, steep driveway. This is a new experience for us for, when we lived in Springfield, the church provided a landscape gardener for the parsonage who, in the winter, also did the snow removal. Now that we are retired, we have the hours it takes to do a big snow-shoveling job. Exercising in the brisk winter air is a great tonic, and we love it.

When we went to the High Eastern Canadian Arctic two years ago, we purchased two excellent Eskimo parkas. They have been most useful this winter. When we are out hiking in our look-alike parkas, we do attract attention. One day last week, we walked into a supermarket and the people acted as if they really believed we were Eskimos. Children stood around us and stared and one little boy even asked: "Do you rub noses like the book says?" What fun!

Until next month,

Frederick

OF TOMBSTONES, BUS STATIONS, AND FAMILY TRADITIONS

by
Jeff Birkby

Two o'clock in the morning—I'm waiting in the Cheyenne, Wyoming, bus station, watching people watching me. Bored, vacant faces; people tuning out their surroundings, winos bumming cigarettes. Bus stations—a good place to observe others; a good place to observe oneself.

I'm on my way back to my home in Montana after a two-week visit with my family and friends in Iowa. The loneliness I'm observing here in Cheyenne contrasts markedly with the warm, caring Iowa environment that I've just left, an environment filled with encouragement, acceptance, laughter and optimism all held together with the threads of family traditions that have developed over many years. Family traditions: cocoa and cinnamon rolls at Grandmother Dulcy's house on Christmas Eve; Christmas dinner with all of its concomitant gaiety, present exchanges, and practical jokes; turkey pot pie and the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day. Customs for remembering the past, for enjoying and accepting the present, and for preparing an emotional base for the future.

One pleasant tradition that is cherished in our family is an annual holiday hike that we take in the oak-hickory timber southwest of Sidney. During these walks the Birkby boys, any current girlfriends that the boys have brought home, Attu the dog, and Robert the father, reminisce about previous walks and outdoor adventures. Winter is especially suited for hikes such as these, for it is filled with reminders of past seasons. Every bend in the leaf-littered trail evokes memories: a pile of rotting string and cut saplings reminds me of a cold winter's day spent building a shelter during a Boy Scout camping trip years ago; an abandoned hornet's nest brings to mind the exciting times Craig and I shared collecting insects during our careers as grade school entomologists; a silt-clogged farm pond recalls the hours we practiced skipping rocks across the glass-smooth surfaces of the lakes of our childhood—"Blacksnake Lake," "The Frog Pond," and others we christened during our youth.

As the sun begins to set and the chill of the late winter afternoon starts to sink in, we inevitably end our walk at an old cemetery atop a ridge protected by tall juniper trees. Tombstones, some weathered beyond legibility, stand as mute reminders of the past—of others' past, of our own past. Names found in our family genealogy are present here: Staley, Jobe, Birkby. As he has since these hikes began years ago, Robert tells us how we are related to each of our ancestors buried in

the cemetery. We listen, absorbing and renewing our ties with previous generations. Finally, darkness chases us to our waiting car, a waiting fire in the fireplace, a waiting hot meal. But, as we leave the ridge, we brush the fallen juniper berries from Thomas Birkby's tombstone, touching the past for one moment more before turning to the sharing of the present.

Living in and sharing the present is, to me, an even more important custom in our family than is the remembrance of the past. Whenever our family gathers, we share a ritual of mutual acceptance, receptive and uncritical of each other, dwelling not on old grudges or demanding to know what lies in the future, which allows us to enjoy to its limit the short time that we have together. This tradition of acceptance is expressed in numerous ways—the Christmas feasts, the games of dominoes and Scrabble played near a crackling fire, the supper table discussions of current happenings, and the quiet talks in a darkened living room. In addition, we always seem to find time during our Sidney visits to help Robert on some major project (this past Christmas was spent in reinsulating the attic). And, although Robert might joke that it is the threat of no supper that causes our industry, the joy of sharing the few days a year that we're together is the real reason we help out at home.

Looking toward the future is also practiced in the Birkby clan creating a tradition that involves planning future family gatherings, sharing dreams of career and personal goals, and strengthening and renewing each other's ability to face a new year. We spend time discussing where each of us will be during the coming months, be it Craig doing his summer medical rotation in Alaska, Bob writing and hiking in the Cascades of Washington, or Evelyn flying off for a meeting of some Methodist or state commission. Often we try to synchronize our travels so that we can get together for a week-long

vacation in the summer. During the last few years, these planning sessions have resulted in a pleasant family canoe trip down the Missouri River in Montana and hikes in the northern Rockies. A rendezvous in Alaska after Craig's rotation this summer may be in the offing, but our plans are not yet settled. Planning future outings serves a valuable purpose in giving us something to look forward to as a family—a feeling that the closeness we experience will continue in the future.

The ritual of looking to the future is also expressed in another, more personal way. Sometimes members of our family have experienced feelings of depression or loneliness during the year (not getting a desired job, losing a girlfriend, or moving to a new city or town). By allowing each of us the chance to express his or her strong points, the entire family gets a lift in learning to gain strength from other family members. To me, each member of my family has many positive traits that I try to incorporate into my own life. Bob's lack of materialism and general adventure-some spirit, Craig's laid-back intensity, Robert's quiet, caring strength, and Evelyn's ability to keep the family together in spite of our wandering habits. Gathering anytime during the year gives me an emotional lift and an optimism about the future that is hard to find in any other setting.

A voice on the loudspeaker announcing my bus to Montana brings me back to the present—to empty faces, sleepy children, hard benches, harsh lights. I wearily board the northbound express out of Cheyenne, thinking not of the discomfort and loneliness around me, but of cocoa, cinnamon rolls, warm conversations and cold, crisp walks in the Iowa woods. The rituals of the past, present and future that I shared with my family during my Iowa visit will stay with me and keep me going long after the memories of this unfeeling bus station have faded . . . long live tradition.



It is obvious from this photograph that all the men in the Birkby family enjoyed the holiday hike into the bluffs west of their Sidney, Iowa, home. From left to right they are: Jeff, Robert, Attu (their Alaskan husky), Craig and Bob.

**DOROTHY'S GREEN SALAD**

- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 12 large marshmallows
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Pour water over gelatin and marshmallows; stir until dissolved. (Place over low heat if marshmallows don't completely melt.) Cool.

Mix cream cheese with mayonnaise and then combine with the crushed pineapple, flavoring, celery and nuts. Blend with the first mixture. Pour into pan or mold. Refrigerate until firm.

JULIANA'S PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 1 lb., 4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 4 Tbls. melted butter
- Maraschino cherries (optional)

Drain pineapple, reserving juice. In a saucepan, combine 1 cup crushed pineapple, brown sugar, flavorings, butter, cherries and 3 Tbls. of the reserved pineapple juice. Cook until slightly thickened. Pour in bottom of greased and floured bundt pan. Prepare the following cake:

- 1 2-layer size pineapple cake mix
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant lemon or pineapple cream pudding mix
- 1 cup reserved pineapple juice (add water to make the 1 cup, if necessary)
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 eggs

Mix the dry ingredients together. Add the pineapple juice, oil and flavoring. Beat. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. After last egg is added, beat at high speed for two minutes. (If any pineapple is left, it may be added to batter at this time.) Pour over pineapple in bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Cool 15 minutes before turning out on platter.

CORNEBEEF SANDWICHES

- 1 can corned beef, chopped
- 4 medium yellow onions, chopped
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 cup drained canned tomatoes
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 Tbls. chili powder
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- Hamburger buns

Saute the onion and celery in a little oil. Add remaining ingredients and simmer slowly, uncovered, for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. More water may have to be added. Serve on the hamburger buns. —Robin

FRESH GINGER CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 7 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/2 cup, plus 1 Tbls. apple juice
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/4 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1 egg
3 tsp. grated fresh ginger root
Resift the flour with soda and salt. Stirring all the time, add all the rest of the ingredients. Beat well. Pour into greased and floured 9-inch square baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes or until done. —Juliana

AVOCADO BOUILLON

- 1 medium or 2 small avocados
- Salt to taste
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed chicken broth
- 1 soup can water
- 1/2 cup canned or bottled clam juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- Finely chopped parsley
- Paprika

Peel the avocados. Cube into soup cups and sprinkle with a little salt. Combine the broth, water and clam juice. Heat until piping hot. Combine the flavoring and lemon juice and stir into the broth mixture. Pour over avocados in cups. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream and garnish with parsley and paprika. Serve immediately. —Robin

TOPEKA ASPARAGUS SALAD

- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 can cream of asparagus soup
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/4 cup chopped unpeeled and seeded cucumber
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Combine the flavoring, soup, mayonnaise and dressing. Blend into the gelatin. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into 9-inch square pan or 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. —Betty Jane

CREAMED CABBAGE & HAM

- 2 cups chopped cooked ham
- 3 cups cooked chopped cabbage, drained
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 can cream of celery soup, diluted (or 1 1/2 cups of medium white sauce)
- 1 to 2 cups soft bread crumbs, browned in a little butter

Combine ham, cabbage, cheese and soup. Place in greased baking dish. Top with the browned crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. —Dorothy

HAM-CHEESE CASSEROLE

- 10 ozs. elbow macaroni
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 12-oz. carton creamed small-curd cottage cheese
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1/3 cup minced green pepper
- 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/2 tsp. salt

2 1/2 cups chopped cooked ham
2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Cook and drain the macaroni according to package directions. Stir the margarine and butter flavoring into the hot, drained macaroni. Set aside.

Combine the cottage cheese, cream cheese and sour cream. Add the dry mustard, onion, pepper, celery and salt. Set aside.

Place the ham in a skillet and add the tomato sauce and Worcestershire sauce. Place on low heat and stir and cook until heated through.

In a large greased casserole, layer half the macaroni, half the meat mixture and half the cheese mixture. Repeat layers, ending with cheese mixture on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour.

—Juliana

LAMB POT PIE

3 lbs. lamb stew meat, cut in cubes (a few bones may be included)

Flour
4 Tbls. oil
1 cup chicken stock
10 whole peppercorns
1 1/4 tsp. salt
1 bay leaf
1 Tbls. dry parsley
1/2 lemon, seeded and thinly sliced
2 large onions, coarsely chopped
2 medium carrots, sliced
2 medium zucchini, sliced
Potato crust (see recipe below)

Dust meat cubes with flour. Place oil in large kettle and brown the meat. Add the chicken stock, peppercorns, salt, bay leaf, parsley, lemon and onion. Cover and simmer until meat is tender (1 to 2 1/2 hours). When meat is tender, add carrots and cook 15 minutes. Add zucchini and cook 15 minutes longer. Turn mixture into 2 1/2- or 3-quart casserole. Spoon potato crust around outer edges. Bake, uncovered, at 425 degrees for about 15 minutes or until potatoes are nicely brown.

Potato Crust

3 cups hot mashed potatoes
4 Tbls. margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1/2 cup minced fresh parsley
2 eggs

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine potato crust ingredients and beat well. —Juliana

BEEF & TORTILLA CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground lean beef, crumbled
1 medium onion, finely chopped
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
1 pkg. (1 3/4-oz.) taco seasoning mix
1 can (2 3/4-oz.) sliced ripe olives, well drained

3/4 cup small-curd cottage cheese
1 egg yolk

6 ozs. shredded Monterey Jack or mozzarella cheese

8 corn tortillas, cut in half

1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
1/2 cup crushed tortilla chips

Combine the ground beef, onion, tomato sauce and taco seasoning mix in skillet. Cook over low heat until ingredients are well blended. Remove from heat and stir in the olives. Set aside. Beat together the cottage cheese and egg yolk.

Layer a third of the meat mixture in a 2-quart glass casserole. Follow with a third of the cottage cheese-egg mixture, then some of the tortilla halves. Repeat layers, ending with meat on top. Sprinkle the Cheddar cheese over top and scatter the crushed tortilla chips over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. This casserole can easily be adapted to microwave cooking. —Robin

RIVELS

1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg, well beaten
Hot soup or broth

Put flour and salt in a bowl. Make a well in the middle. Add beaten egg and stir with a fork or fingers until the egg has taken up all the flour and the mixture becomes crumbly, like coarse grains of rice. (A little more flour can be added if the egg is large.) Rub the rivels between the fingers as they are dropped into hot boiling chicken broth, potato soup, bean soup or vegetable stew. Cook, stirring occasionally, for about 10 minutes. This is the old-fashioned recipe which Evelyn tested.

SALMON LASAGNA CASSEROLE

4 ozs. lasagna noodles
5 green onions, chopped
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2 Tbls. butter
1 6-oz. can tomato paste
3/4 cup water
1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained
1/2 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1/2 tsp. basil

1 1-lb. can salmon, drained and flaked
1 6-oz. pkg. sliced mozzarella cheese
1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook the noodles according to package directions until tender and drain.

In a large pan, saute the green onions and green pepper in the butter until transparent. Add the tomato paste, water, mushrooms, seasonings and salmon. Cook over low heat, stirring, until bubbly and heated through.

Layer half the noodles in bottom of greased 1 1/2-quart glass casserole. Spread on half the salmon mixture. Cover with half the mozzarella cheese slices (cutting slices to fit pan if necessary) and sprinkle with half the Parmesan cheese. Repeat layers with remaining ingredients ending with the Parmesan cheese on top. Bake for about 30 minutes at 375 degrees. —Juliana

FROSTED CINNAMON BARS

2 cups unsifted flour
1 1/4 cups sugar
1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
3/4 tsp. salt
1 cup sour milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1 egg

Combine flour, sugars and butter or margarine until crumbly. Press 2 cups of this mixture into ungreased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. To remaining crumb mixture, add the rest of the above

ingredients. Blend well. Pour over crumb layer in pan and bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool about 20 minutes. (Should not be completely cool.) Prepare the following frosting:

2 cups powdered sugar
3 to 4 Tbls. milk or light cream
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond
flavoring

Blend frosting ingredients and spread over partially cooled bars. Cool completely and cut into bars. —Dorothy

FROZEN MINT PIE

24 (2 cups) crushed chocolate cream-filled sandwich cookies—like Oreos

1/4 cup melted margarine

1/4 cup milk

1 7-oz. jar marshmallow creme

1/2 to 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint
flavoring

Few drops green food coloring

2 cups whipping cream, whipped

Combine the crushed cookies and melted margarine. Reserve 1/2 cup for topping. Press remaining crumbs into a 9-inch pie pan. Gradually add milk to marshmallow creme, mixing well. Stir in the flavoring and food coloring. Fold the mixture into the whipped cream. Spread over crust in pan. Cover and freeze until firm. Sprinkle the reserved crumbs on top, cut into small wedges and serve.

A wonderful dessert for company or club refreshments which can be prepared ahead. —Robin

REUBEN PIE

1 lb. lean ground beef

1/4 lb. lean ground pork (additional ground beef could be used if pork is not available)

1/3 cup quick-cooking rolled oats

1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce

1 egg

1/4 tsp. black pepper

1/4 tsp. garlic powder

1 1-lb. can sauerkraut, well drained

2 cups shredded Swiss cheese

1 1/2 tsp. caraway seeds

1 3-oz. can French-fried onions

Chili sauce or catsup

Combine ground meats, rolled oats, Worcestershire sauce, egg, pepper and garlic powder. Press into deep 9-inch pie pan. Spread evenly over bottom and up sides of pie pan. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Remove from oven and drain excess liquid.

While meat is baking, combine sauerkraut, cheese, caraway seed and about one-fourth of the onions. Fill the partially baked meat crust with the mixture. Return to oven for about 20 minutes longer or until cheese is melted. Sprinkle remaining onions over top and bake 3 to 5 minutes longer. Cut into wedges and serve with chili sauce or catsup. —Betty Jane

SCOTTISH ESCALLOPED POTATOES

Peel and thinly slice enough potatoes for your family. Grease a casserole or baking dish generously with margarine or butter. Place sliced potatoes in a 1/2-inch layer in casserole. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Spoon on chopped onion and diced red pimiento (use as much as desired for the tastes of members of your family). Make a layer of bread crumbs. Dot generously with butter or margarine. Continue to make layers until casserole is as full as you wish for the number to be served. Pour in enough rich milk to just barely cover. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours or until potatoes are tender.

This is a very economical dish. Left-over meat and/or cheese can be added to make it into a one-dish meal.

—Evelyn

BLUEBERRY CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups frozen or fresh blueberries
- 2 cups cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Rinse blueberries and drain well. Dust blueberries with 2 Tbls. of the flour. Sift

remaining flour and dry ingredients together three times. Set aside.

Cream butter or margarine. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and lemon colored. Beat in well-beaten egg yolks. Combine milk and flavoring and add alternately with the dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Very gently, fold in the blueberries. Pour into well-greased and floured 8-inch square pan. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

May be frosted with powdered sugar icing or eaten just plain. Delicious either way.

—Juliana

SHRIMP-MACARONI SALAD

- 1 lb. shelled shrimp, cooked and chopped
- 1 1/2 cups shell macaroni, cooked and drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup cubed process American cheese
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of bottled hot pepper sauce

Toss the shrimp, macaroni, flavoring, cheese, celery, green pepper and onion together. Combine the remaining ingredients and blend with the tossed ingredients. Cover and chill.

—Robin

PEACH DUMPLING

- 6 peach halves (canned or fresh)
- 2-cup rich biscuit dough (By 2-cup, I mean a recipe using about 2-cup, 1 flour—this should make enough dough for 6 peach halves.)

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 12-oz. can apricot nectar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Drain peaches well. Roll the biscuit dough to about 1/4 inch thick. Lay the peach halves on the dough and cut dough in circle or square around peach halves, leaving enough dough to cover peach half.

Combine the brown sugar and cinnamon; set aside. Place about one teaspoon of cream cheese in each peach center. Sprinkle a generous spoonful of the brown sugar-cinnamon mixture on each half. Bring the edges of dough together, enclosing the peach half. Put dumplings in well-greased 9-inch square baking pan. Place in 450-degree oven for about 10 to 12 minutes.

While dumplings are baking, combine the apricot nectar, granulated sugar, lemon juice and butter. Bring to boiling; add flavorings. Remove dumplings from oven and pour the juice over. Bake about 15 minutes longer.

—Hallie

BAKED CORN CASSEROLE

(A company dish)

- 4 1-lb. cans whole kernel corn
- 1/2 cup drained corn liquid
- 3 green onions, chopped (include some of the tops)
- 1 medium green or red bell pepper, diced
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 2 tsp. firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Green chili strips (optional)

1 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Drain corn, measuring the 1/2 cup liquid. Place corn in large casserole. Scatter onion and diced bell pepper over top of corn. Combine the corn liquid, salad dressing, sour cream, brown sugar, flour, salt, pepper and flavoring. Spoon over the corn in casserole. Arrange green chili strips over top, if desired. Bake at 400 degrees for 45 minutes. Sprinkle cheese over top and return to oven for a few minutes to melt cheese.

—Juliana

CUT YOURSELF IN!

There is no better or simpler way to *cut yourself into* sprucing up winter-weary appetites, preparing perky salads, tasty pies, economical sauces and super cakes, than to use the marvelous **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**.



If you do not have all seventeen (which includes the Clear Vanilla) add one or two varieties to your shopping list each week until you have a complete set. Use this check list to see which ones you need.

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Almond | <input type="checkbox"/> Butter | <input type="checkbox"/> Mint |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banana | <input type="checkbox"/> Cherry | <input type="checkbox"/> Orange |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black Walnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Coconut | <input type="checkbox"/> Pineapple |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blueberry | <input type="checkbox"/> Lemon | <input type="checkbox"/> Raspberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Burnt Sugar | <input type="checkbox"/> Maple | <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clear Vanilla | <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Vanilla | |

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$3.25 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in both dark and clear in the 3-oz. bottles. Dark vanilla is also available in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle at \$2.00.

SPECIAL GIFT BOX — Six 3-oz. bottles of your choice postpaid for \$6.00. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

In Chadron, Nebraska, a whistle blows at 9:30 P.M., and it just blew. All three boys have already gone to bed since they are in various stages of recovery from bouts with the flu.

Quiet has descended upon the Brase household with the exception of the clicking of this old Royal portable. I'm not exaggerating when I say "old", because I received this typewriter twenty years ago this spring. It is still serving me well, although I don't like to type, and I'm not particularly speedy. Many times I have wished that I had taken two years of typing in high school instead of one. Since I usually write longhand, after twenty years, this machine is not the least worn out. What little typing skills I have, however, certainly came in handy in college.

Actually, there is another exception to the quietness in the house tonight. There is a very beautiful noise—sweet, sweet music—coming from over by the sink. It is the sound of a dishwasher! Yes, dear friends, we have acquired a dishwasher. Now, I am not a materialistic person, at least only mildly so, but when Art surprised me with such a marvelous timesaver, I really was thrilled—and still am! It is amazing the amount of extra time I seem to have to relax a little bit in the evenings. Andy and Aaron, having served regular duty as dishwashers in the past, didn't seem the least bit sorry to be replaced. Julian doesn't know how many hours of "fun" he has narrowly escaped, but he becomes very disappointed if I forget to let him be the one to pour in the soap.

As you can imagine, the past months our family has been busy with school, football, wrestling, and band. Aaron attended sixth-grade camp for three days last fall at Chadron State Park. Julian started kindergarten and is busy practicing which verbal sounds go with which letters.

If you had listened in at the door earlier this evening, you would have found out that Andy's drums and Aaron's trumpet practiced at the same time can make a louder racket than a typewriter and a dishwasher. I mentioned on the radio last summer that Andy had earned enough money to buy a used drum set and that the drum set was in the dining room. I am most happy to report that it was finally moved upstairs. The noise I didn't mind,



Julian's kindergarten picture shows the same sweet smile we've observed in the photographs Kristin has sent to us through the years.

it was the detour en route to the living room that was beginning to wear on me.

Next year's class picture of Aaron will be markedly different from this year's school photograph because Aaron is wearing glasses now. He has developed some nearsightedness, especially in the left eye. Unlike many children, Aaron was not opposed to the idea of wearing glasses. He does have some concern about breaking them when he plays football during noon recess, but they are under warranty for a full year, and we have assured him that we do not want him to worry about losing or damaging them. Because of Art's eye condition, we have always kept a careful check on each of the boys. We count it a blessing that no cornea problems have developed with any of them.

Do you enjoy limericks? When I'm in a silly mood, I like to try my hand at writing them. Yesterday was one of those days, and here is the result of my effort:

A jogger named Kristin was found
On the track where the joggers
abound

Gasped she, "It's not fun,
But I do have to run

Or I'll never get rid of a pound!"

This literary endeavor was inspired by my attempt over the last few months to incorporate some kind of exercise into a very sedentary life. Teaching does not provide a significant amount of exercise, playground duty included, so it became obvious to me (and no doubt to everyone around me) that middle-aged spread was overtaking me. My whole system felt absolutely sluggish, which it was! About the middle of October, I read an article extolling the benefits of walking and jogging. Since I can't swim, hit a tennis ball, or skate very well, a walking-jogging routine sounded reasonable.

This new regime was started at a snail's pace to avoid stiffness, soreness, or any other problem. The first morning I walked twice around the high school track—one-half mile. The second day I walked three laps and the third day, four. After the third day, I inserted a bit of slow jogging. At the end of six weeks, I felt a real sense of satisfaction when I could jog six laps, or one-and-a-half miles.

I still take it easy, and I don't always jog every day, but I feel much better and I've lost six pounds, which have managed to stay lost. I've stuck to this exercise program better than ever before. No doubt our mild winter was a factor in being able to enjoy jogging on a snow-free track, a few days excepted. But before you get inspired and dash out to buy jogging shoes, let me advise you to consult with your doctor first.

If you think you can tolerate one more limerick, I'll close with this one:

The day the scales hit one-six-oh

I decided the flab had to go

So now, every morning

I give my legs warning
(Unless it should happen to snow).

Sincerely,

Kristin Brase

TURN THE CORNER TO SPRING

Do you have the winter blahs? Has cabin fever set in? The fluffy white snow has turned to a dirty gray and the yard is nothing but snow, slush, and mud—at least a good part of which gets tracked in. With boots, mittens and sweaters strung everywhere, the dismal, dreary days of late winter cause our spirits to sag. What we need is a change of scenery or at least something to brighten our thoughts.

I know you can't fool Mother Nature, but you can hasten her by bringing in a few forsythia twigs and placing them in water. The warmth, the house and the needed moisture cause green leaves and yellow blossoms to burst forth in a few days. Pussy willow branches can be brought inside as well and in a short time fuzzy gray "kittens" appear.

The best time to cut branches is mid-day when the temperature is above freezing. Choose several lengths to create an attractive arrangement. Place the twigs in a container with plenty of water. Mist the entire cutting after it has been in the house a day or so. This will be like a welcome spring rain. At first, keep the cuttings in a cooler place and not exposed to direct sunlight. After leaves begin to appear, move the container to a sunny location.

The dead-appearing branches contain life and beauty, and with the basic necessities of life—shelter, warmth, light, and water—they live anew. Somehow, spring seems just around the corner.

—Adena Clayton

A FREE TREE

by
M. B. Grenier

After you've enjoyed that avocado in a salad, sandwich or dip, don't throw away the seed. There's a free tree inside! The tree won't grow more avocados for you, but it will make a beautiful tropical plant for your living room which can become the envy of your neighbors.

Place the single large seed in a cup of water, to cover, for two days. This will soften the brown outer skin so it is easily removed to expose the white inner seed.

To root the seed, fill a cup or jar almost full of water, and stick three round toothpicks into the sides of the avocado seed. Submerge the seed in the water, flat end down, so only the bottom of the seed is in the water. The toothpicks rest on the rim of the jar or cup and hold the top of the seed out of the water.

A few pieces of charcoal in the water will help keep it fresh. If you don't have the charcoal, change the water often to keep it clear. Keep the water on the warm side and in warm surroundings. The sunny sill of a kitchen window is ideal.

In three weeks to two months, you should begin to see some action from your seed. First, there should be a splitting along the sides from the bottom up; next, small white roots will begin to grow down into the water and small green shoots will start to push their way upward.

Patience is the key word at this time—don't give up on your seed and discard it for a new one, until eight to ten weeks have elapsed. Give it plenty of patience, water, warmth and love and chances are you will have the beginning of a tree in two months.

In time a long taproot will form, along with several smaller roots. Now is the time to plant the tree in a pot. Choose a red clay pot about ten inches in diameter. Place small stones or small pieces of broken pottery around the drainage hole and finish filling the pot with good loamy soil. Gently remove the toothpicks from the seed and carefully plant in the pot, being certain you don't damage the roots. Leave the top half of the seed exposed, and don't pack the soil down tightly.

Keep the plant moist but do not over-water or the roots will rot. If kept inside, give a liquid fertilizer watering every two weeks. If you put the plant outside, be certain you bring it inside if the weather gets chilly. Avocados are tropical natives and too cold a temperature will kill them.

The following step is something that you must do. After much coddling and loving care from you, one of the main stems of your plant (which is the trunk of the tree) will reach a height of six or seven inches and you must take the



Frederick took this lovely picture of his daughter, Mary Lea, and her family when they were together in Bellevue, Nebraska, in December. On the left is Vincent Palo with daughter Isabel, then Mary Lea with son Christopher.

scissors and cut it back halfway between the top and bottom. If you do not do this, your tree will grow tall and spindly, with practically no leaves. If you cut it back, the "trunk" will put out other stems and your tree will grow full and leafy.

When the tree grows to be twelve to fifteen inches tall, it may need a wooden stick stuck in the soil beside it for support. This stick may be removed as the tree grows taller and the trunk becomes fuller and stronger. You will also need to repot as your tree grows taller and leafier.

Keep the plant near a sunny window while inside the house, but not in direct, hot sun. And enjoy its beauty for years to come! Price one of these exotic plants at your neighborhood nursery, and you'll enjoy and treasure your tree even more.

—(Reprinted from the *National Reporter*, Bixby, Ok.)



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

For the first time in its 49-year history, All-America Selections has awarded a medal to an impatiens, the new orange-scarlet, "Blitz" hybrid, and it's a dandy!

The best large-flowered impatiens and "Blitz" were in trial side by side across U.S.A. and Canada. "Blitz" aced out the competition, excelling in flower size, production and brilliance in beds, pots and hanging baskets. The vivid 2- to 2¼-inch blossoms shining against the lustrous bronze-green foliage provided quite a

contrast. Plants of "Blitz" are compact, averaging 10-12 inches in height at maturity and 12-16 inches in spread—slightly more in humid, long-season areas. However, as with all impatiens, gardeners are advised to go easy on the water and plant food to avoid stimulating excessive vegetative growth.

Like all modern hybrid impatiens, "Blitz" will tolerate full sun except in areas where intense sunlight tends to scorch or fade summer flowers. Under such conditions, afternoon shade is recommended. Should "Blitz" overgrow late in the season, it will bloom again after pruning or shearing to size.

Celosias are one of the garden's staple flowers—the dependable type of flower on which gardeners rely for summer color. But the prevailing colors of scarlet, orange and gold are a bit garish for some gardeners.

Now along comes "Apricot Brandy" with a mellow color that has gained the admiration of landscapers and flower arrangers in preview gardens across the nation. A soft apricot-orange, this new celosia offers all sorts of possibilities for flower beds and garden arrangements. Plants of "Apricot Brandy" reach 14-18 inches in height and spread at maturity. These base-branching plants are remarkably uniform in the number, color and shape of plumes.

Celosia seeds need extra warmth to sprout quickly and reliably. We use a unit with a heating cable underneath in the soil and a clear plastic hood over the top that gives perfect results with good viable seed.





Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

A paperback book that caught my eye at the grocery store is *God Loves My Kitchen Best** by Mab Graff. The book is now in its eleventh printing, which says much for the popularity of it. Homemakers spend a great deal of time in their kitchens, and Mab Graff's writings will make you laugh and will turn your blunders into blessings. She made these resolutions once:

1. I vow to put away my groceries before the frozen foods thaw.
2. I promise not to mend things with the wrong color thread because I'm too lazy to change the bobbin.
3. I will not put away a Tupperware container without its lid.
4. Never again will I wear a dress with the hem stapled in. Her final paragraph says, "There. I feel better already. Now if I can just find a thumbtack to put these resolutions up where I can read them . . . Maybe this big safety pin will do."

It is better that you should not vow than that you should vow and not pay. (Eccl. 5:5).

If we can recognize our faults we've made progress, but let's not make vows unless we're willing to make changes.

God Loves My Kitchen Best (Zondervan Publishing House, 1415 Lake Drive, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. \$2.50) by Mab Graff will make you think and realize that a homemaker's work is very important.

The Blueberry Connection (The Stephen Greene Press, P.O. Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, paperback \$7.95) by Beatrice Ross Buszek is a book filled with blueberry cookery with flavor, fact, and folklore. The author compiled the recipes at Cranberrie Cottage in Granville Centre, Nova Scotia, from memories, libraries and kitchens of old and new friends—and strangers. It is amazing the many ways that blueberries can be used! Examples: Bright Blue Monday Cake, Blue Ambrosia, Frozen Fruit Punch, Blubarb Pie, Blueberry Buckle, and Cumberland County Muffins. For most recipes the berries can be fresh, canned or frozen.

Hand lettering by the author adds a special look to the book. She writes, "When you are halfway through the book, you will probably start to think BLUEBERRY; before you finish you will be humming the old song, "Blueberry Hill". Then you'll smile, knowing that your blueberry roots are renewed, and that you are now recipe-deep in the sweet intrigue of a prime blue adventure."

Bess & Harry (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y., \$10.95) by Jhan Robbins is an

American love story. It is said to be the most devoted marriage ever to thrive in the spotlight of the nation's highest public office.

The focus on this book is on Bess Truman and her influence on her husband and on the nation. We recall how President Truman would introduce her as "The Boss". So she was, often subtly steering him in the right direction. She persuaded him to enter politics. Propelling him into the Senate, the Vice Presidency, and against all odds, election to his own term as President, Bess was at his side with unfailing good advice.

A most enjoyable book to read, *Bess & Harry* is a portrait of one of the most influential first ladies in history and a heart-warming profile of a loving marriage.

Some years ago we visited the Truman Library at Independence. This was history before our eyes for us and for our children. We searched for the home of the Trumans. There it was, that beautiful Victorian home on Delaware Street, where they retired after the Presidency. My thought: a dignified lady lives there.

*From *God Loves My Kitchen Best* by Mab Graff, copyright © 1977 by The Zondervan Corporation. Used by permission.

PROFESSIONALS AT HOME

by
Annette Lingelbach

Times have changed for those who teach piano or organ at home.

When I taught piano to beginners many years ago, I charged 75¢ cents a lesson. For the more prominent teachers, the top price at that time was \$1.00. Today, a friend gets \$5.50 for a half-hour lesson. Since she has a large class of both children and adults, she earns a very comfortable living. She actually has no business overhead expenses, beyond that of any homeowner. Better still, she doesn't have to battle the problems of going out in bad weather, or struggling to get along with bosses or co-workers. She really lives in a world of happy music.

Many such instructors find teaching at home is a good profession these days. She can still earn money while looking after a family, doing her household duties and enjoying outside activities.

Today more adults, especially young people, are interested in music, both as players and listeners. Senior citizens, people with emotional problems, and the very young (my friend has several 3½-year old pupils) have turned to music as a rewarding hobby, a weapon against loneliness, a means of self-expression and a way to relieve nervous tensions. Anyone with the ability and training to teach a musical instrument can do it at home these days and prosper.



KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

Over 1900 tested recipes are included in this 464-page cookbook. It is the one cookbook you can trust. Order your own or a gift cookbook by sending \$6.00 (plus sales tax for Iowa residents).

SOUVENIR THIMBLE

This beautiful, pewter souvenir thimble has a lovely grape pattern and the words "Kitchen-Klatter" in raised letters. A collector's item to get for yourself or give as a gift. (Standard size.) Only \$2.00.

STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

by Lucile Driftmier Verness

Share the lives of the Field and Driftmier families starting with the year 1868 and concluding with a 1976 family tree. \$3.00 per copy.

Order from:

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

We will send gift cards if you ask us to. (Please allow three weeks for delivery.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO VISITS

Can be heard each weekday over the following radio stations:

- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—11:00 a.m.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial—9:30 a.m.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Mending and alterations have always been my least favorite tasks, but these chores are always with us. As a new bride, I soon discovered that my husband expected me to darn his socks. Frankly, I thought of darning as something that went out of style sometime after World War II. I looked through my mother's *Make-and-Mend for Victory Book* and read up on darning.

Traditional darning involves weaving in with a needle some crosswise threads, then weaving in the lengthwise threads to fill in the hole. I found that this method doesn't work very well on polyester man-made fibers for knit socks. This type of darning tends to bunch up and become stiff after washing, particularly when darning cotton is used. I did a little experimenting and found that chain stitching over the worn areas works quite well. If you have an actual hole, replace some crosswise threads by simply basting back and forth across the opening, then chain stitch up and down using the threads as a foundation. When going over the threads, be careful not to pull the chain fully closed as this will form a lump, a place for a future sore spot!

Keep making chain stitch rows up and down until the entire area is covered. Because each row of stitches acts independently of the other, they don't draw together and lump as the straight basting-weaving stitches. I must admit I wondered if the saving was really worth it at first, until I found out how much my husband's favorite socks cost. Now I darn while watching television or on my breaks at work—a few minutes here and there and a pair is done. The time is minimal and the savings can really add up.

I found it nearly impossible to find a darning egg so I use a burned-out light bulb instead. If you are not familiar with the chain stitch, the details can be found in any embroidery book, or ask a friend who embroiders to show you; it's a very simple and basic stitch.

One of my first sewing tasks as a girl was altering my brother's pants. I've become pretty proficient after seventeen years of taking in and letting out men's and women's slacks. Recently, I was left almost speechless by a young woman who couldn't figure out how she was going to make her jeans fit. She said she had taken them in all she could without leaving pleats at the knees—she had been taking in the sides of the pants in order to get just the waist to fit.

A simple trick to be learned from the manufacturers of men's wear is discovered by the way men's pants have an extra large seam in the rear to allow for



Katharine Lowey would like to share her school picture with you readers.

letting out if necessary. To take in pants, simply open up enough of the waistband to get at the back seam. Fit and pin to indicate how much needs to be taken in. Stitch, tapering gradually toward the seam along the seat until you meet the original seam line. Stitch along the old seam for a few inches, then remove the old seam above the meeting of the seams, trim the excess if you wish (unless, like my brother, your waistline changes with seasons). Press open, stitch down the waistband, and done! You can adjust the taper of the seam to conform to the body's contours.

For a very full-hipped person, if the amount to take in is much more than two inches, as often happens when jeans and corduroys are sold in unisex sizes, there is an alternative way to alter. (Taking in more than two inches can lead to a dip in the back waist.) The first step is to take in two inches in the back seam, then divide the remainder between equally spaced darts in the back. If your pants have pockets, place the darts on the inside center of the pocket interior. The darts will usually be small enough at the end of the taper that the pockets will not bulge out; the extra room may even be more comfortable when you place things in your pockets.

Here are more words from my fabric dictionary:

Birdseye: Fabric woven with a pattern which has a center dot. It is a popular pique weave, also a name for a diaper fabric. Check fiber content for care information.

Boucle: A rough, thick, slubby yarn. Fabric made from this yarn is called by the same name. The texture is nubby and the surface is dull (unless shiny yarns are used). This is a trendy fabric which goes in and out of fashion regularly. It can be woven by machine or knitted by hand. Fiber content determines care.

EVER-CHANGING FASHIONS

by
Janell Butler

Have you ever saved your entire wardrobe allowance to purchase what you believed was the current fashion trend only to discover, \$200 and one week later, that the style has been replaced by yet another fashion? If you have, you aren't alone. Styles are changing so rapidly even clothes manufacturers are having trouble keeping up with them.

Back in the beginning, and I mean the very beginning, the style for the day was the loincloth of Adam, progressing to the mantle of Elijah. Time moved on and hoop skirts and knickers appeared—these lasted several hundred years. The expression, "hiding behind Mother's skirts", probably came from this era. Not only could a child hide behind a skirt, it appears as if the entire family could! The hoop skirts even required a course of study to learn how to sit in them properly.

Just after the hoop skirt came the bustle and corset, women sacrificing comfort for beauty. A few decades later, the opposite style, modeled by the "flapper", became popular. The straight-lined, fringe-laden, sequined dresses were made famous by the Charleston dance step.

Soon, time changed the style of dress to bobby socks, saddle shoes, and ponytails. Today's younger generation gets a glimpse of the past while yesterday's generations relive it when viewing "Happy Days" on television.

In the sixties and into the seventies came a trio which included the maxi, covering it all; the midi, covering all but the ankles; the mini, covering just enough.

Tennis shoes, jeans and pullover T-shirts, the ultimate in comfort and "grubby", make up the fashion of many today. Often tennis shoes aren't just confined to sports. I once saw a young teenager dressed in a blue tuxedo and bow tie wearing tennis shoes. Blue, of course. I've also known of people who were married and buried in their jeans.

One glimpse of the future from the garment industry depicts skin-tight satin slacks and matching halters, and clear plastic pants over purple shorts topped by a red baggy sweater. What other surprises does the future hold?

BE ATTITUDES

BE attitudes are a state of mind,
Be friendly, be cheerful, be patient, be kind.

BE attitudes are a way of living,
Be humble, be thankful, be loving, be giving.
—Margaret Wessel

THAT LOWLY CLOTHESPIN

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

Now that people have washers and dryers, what is the use of having clothespins? I hadn't thought much about it, but in the store the other day I saw what looked like a bargain in a large sack of potato chips. I hesitated about buying them because I really didn't need so many.

The woman beside me spoke up. "I always buy those big sacks because they are cheaper."

"But they are hard to keep fresh," I protested.

"I know that and the plastic is so stiff. But I use a clothespin to hold my sack closed after I use what I want."

I bought the potato chips and brought them home. After opening the sack and using what I wanted, I folded the top down and using a trusty clothespin, fastened it together for storing.

The old-fashioned straight clothespin wouldn't work quite as well, but the spring clothespins are fine for such holding purposes. I began to think about them. They can serve a number of uses besides the basic reason for using them—hanging the laundry out-of-doors. (A growing number of homemakers are using "solar lines" for their clothes drying.) Some of the ideas I listed were:

1. Hold curtains back as vacuuming is done. Instead of the good old standby safety pin, a clothespin works very well and doesn't make holes in the fabric.
 2. Hang a curtain across a window temporarily over another curtain to keep out light or unwanted sightseers, a clothespin on either side works just fine.
 3. Hang a skirt, slacks or jeans on a clothes hanger with the snap clothespins.
 4. To put out letters for the postman, keep a clothespin fastened to the mailbox so that it will hold the letters firmly and they won't blow away.
 5. Hold letters together which need answering, and bills to pay or which have been paid.
 6. In winter, take newspapers and fasten them around plants with clothespins to keep off the chill on cold nights.
 7. For protection, put a paper between plants and the window shade and fasten it on either side with a clothespin.
- There are innumerable uses for the lowly clothespin. Hanging up wet clothes and snapping together potato chip bags are only the beginning.

"CLEAN ON FRIDAY"

by

Ruth Townsend

"Clean on Friday" went an old rhyme. When I was little and I came to that phrase, I would turn up my nose. I have never liked cleaning. I like things to be clean but I don't much care to have a hand in getting them that way. We're lucky nowadays with good cleaning products (like Kitchen-Klatter ones) but still, cleaning is not my favorite occupation.

However, cleaning nowadays is better than cleaning long ago. I remember helping my mother with housecleaning more than I remember routine Friday cleanings. The job that stands out in my mind particularly during spring housecleaning was that of working with the carpets. Our carpets were tacked down, so first we had to find the tack puller before anything could be done. A tack puller is a handy little gadget and it was indispensable when it came to getting the carpets off the floors. We had to pull out what seemed like a million tacks and put them carefully in a bowl so they wouldn't get lost. The carpets were then rolled up, carried outside and hung over the clothesline.

The next step was to go and get the carpet beaters that hung on nails in the basement entryway. They were made of heavy curved wires with a wooden handle attached. My sister and I stood and whacked and whacked with the beaters on each carpet until no dust (or very little) came from the rug we were attacking. It took quite a long while to get a carpet clean.

Once the carpets were done, they had to be carried back inside and tacked down again. It seemed to me to be a terrible job, but Mama never seemed to mind too much. She just took it for granted that it was work that had to be done.

The kitchen didn't have a carpet (no one had even heard of kitchen carpet in those days) and we didn't have linoleum, though many people did. We had a plain board floor that had to be scrubbed on hands and knees until every board glistened. That was an every-Friday task, but it had to be done with extra care when we were in the throes of housecleaning.

Washing windows was one job that I thought was fun. We had a two-story house and I was so glad when I was big enough to be allowed to climb the ladder and do some of the upstairs bedroom windows. My father had to help put on or take off the storm windows (depending on which season it was); they were big and heavy and had to be lowered carefully to the ground. Then they were stored in a shed back of the house. We called it the "cob house" but only a small

section was reserved for the cobs used to start the kitchen range.

Every spring, and to a lesser degree every fall, we devoted a week or more to housecleaning. I suppose that's still the custom to some extent in many homes, but I know my own daughters don't do it routinely. With modern appliances and jobs five days a week for many homemakers, cleaning every spring and fall, and even cleaning every Friday, is no longer the rule. But houses seem to be clean enough anyhow. Housewives of today will just have different memories of how they kept their homes sparkling clean.

* * * * *

GREAT BALLS OF POP CORN!

WITH THIS NEW
Jolly Time POP CORN BALL MAKER

Your whole family loves pop corn balls, but you cringe at the mess involved — and burned or sticky fingers? With this simple gadget you just scoop coated pop corn into the larger half and press with the other half to form a ball. That's all there is to it. The plastic molds come with tasty pop corn ball recipes.

ORDER BY MAIL

Enclose \$1.00 for one, \$1.75 for two
Jolly Time Ball Maker, Dept. KK-3
PO Box 178, Sioux City, IA 51102 ©

DO IT YOURSELF

You can become a Specialist in Spring Housecleaning by using the super concentrated **Kitchen-Klatter** cleaning products.

Use the **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** to wash walls, clean carpets and upholstery, get the windows sparkling and lift dirt wherever you find it.

Put the **KITCHEN-KLATTER LAUNDRY TWINS (Blue Drops Detergent and All-Fabric Bleach)** to work getting out the dirt without danger of bleach damage or fabric rot. Perfect for washable drapes and curtains, bedding, towels and to freshen up spring clothes which have been in storage.

You are Smart, Thrifty, and Efficient when you do it yourself with the

KITCHEN-KLATTER PRODUCTS



Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty

BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.

BOX 779

IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244

Ph: 319-354-4048, 319-338-7194, 319-351-7507.

OPEN 'n CLOZ®

Design Patent No. 226,161

CAR DOOR LOCK OPERATOR

\$2.98 ea.



- No More Stretching
- No More Ripped Clothing

USE INSIDE YOUR CAR TO LOCK OR UNLOCK OPPOSITE DOOR

plus 50¢ postage
Money Back Guarantee

H & L SALES CO.

P.O. BOX 8413

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64114

40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW — NOT Seconds — 40 Towels for \$1.75 or 80 for only \$3.35. 120 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstg. and hding. with EACH set of 40 Towels you buy. We know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

40 TOWEL CO.
315 No. 10th St.

Dept. B-132,
St. Louis, MO 63101

ESPECIALLY
FOR YOU

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Contains recipes, projects, crafts, sewing ideas, book columns, gardening suggestions, family letters, household hints, seasonal articles, party plans, photographs, money-raising articles and other worthwhile material which every reader will enjoy. Subscribe today!

\$5.00, per year, 12 issues

\$6.00 foreign countries

(Iowa residents, please add sales tax.)

(If you are already a subscriber, please check the expiration date on your magazine and get in your renewal three to four weeks before it expires.)

Send new subscriptions or renewals to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandah, Iowa 51601

We will send gift cards if you ask us to. Please allow three weeks for delivery.



From Our Family Album

Here are the three Driftmier sisters 'way back in May, 1943, when Juliana was three months old. We are in the entrance of the four-plex where we lived in West Hollywood, California—an era when Hollywood was considered the glamour center of our country.

Margery had arrived to visit us only the day before this picture was snapped, and since Kristin was expected in exactly one month, Dorothy and I were both happy that Margery could be with us—the first member of our Driftmier family to see the new babies.

Incidentally, Juliana is wearing a very lovely pale pink dress embroidered in white, and underneath she has on white wool "soakers". Today's mothers haven't any idea what is meant by "soakers", so I must explain that during the years of World War II, it was impossible to buy rubber pants; in their place, we had to use pure wool made into "soakers". These were hand-knitted, and both Juliana and Kristin had several pairs that were gifts from devoted Kitchen-Klatter friends. —Lucile

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Once on your radio program you had a discussion of how to make your own "whip and chill". I always used to make gelatin cakes. Now I mix 1 box flavored gelatin with 1 1/2 cups boiling water (or half cold) and let it partially congeal. Then prepare 1 pkg. whipped topping (Lucky or Dream Whip) according to directions on the package. Beat the two together and it is practically like the "whip and chill".

—Mrs. M.W., Clarksville, Iowa

For a busy day or a big company meal, cook and mash potatoes several hours ahead of the meal and then keep hot in a slow-cooking pot. My daughter-in-law does this. —Mrs. M.N., Brooten, Mn.

For a fluffier meringue, add 1/4 tsp. of white vinegar to 3 egg whites (plus the 6 Tbls. sugar usually used).

—Mrs. T.W., Mitchell, S.D.

My daughter was surprised to discover that most of her friends had never heard of a button jar. In our house, all buttons are cut from discarded clothes and put in a glass fruit jar. I also buy boxes of buttons at auction sales and from used clothing stores. The younger children have fun on stormy days sorting the buttons into muffin tins and then into smaller jars. I save money with my recycled buttons. —M.D., Spencer, Ia.

When using flat sheets on the bed, alternate the head and the foot so they will wear out more evenly. Also, if the center of a sheet gets thin, tear it down the middle and sew the selvedge edges together for they are never worn and are still strong. If the center is badly worn, cut out the worn part and make a smaller sheet—a large size into a single-bed size—a queen size into a standard double size. The center seam does not bother.

—M.T., Joplin, Mo.

Mail Order "Magic" Offers You THESE LOW VITAMIN PRICES!

We probably could not offer you quality vitamins at these advantageous low prices if we sold in stores. But with mail-order, they're yours. So act now. Save as you've never saved before!

NATURAL VITAMINS • ORGANIC MINERALS • HIGH POTENCIES

GROW SPROUTS IN YOUR KITCHEN

Free Sprouter makes it Easy!



Now you can have fresh sprouts every day—grown right in your own kitchen for just pennies. These sprouts can be used in dishes like chop suey, omelets, soups, or casseroles—or eaten raw in salads. Fresh crunchy and delicious sprouts add zest and food values to your diet.

VITAMIN CONTENT INCREASED UP TO 600% AS SEEDS SPROUT
Bean sprouts have been used by the Chinese for thousands of years. Now it has been discovered that the vitamin content of various seeds and beans can increase up to 600% in sprouting.

HOW THE SPROUTER WORKS
There are only 2 easy steps—Nature does the rest. You just put a spoonful of seeds in the sprouter and fill with water. Snap on the perforated cover and invert sprouter to drain off excess water. Repeat morning and evening and in 2 to 5 days the jar will be filled with delicious crisp sprouts.

Check the box in the order blank and return it with an order for any of the items in this ad and we will include without charge a SEED SPROUTER and packet of seeds. Growing sprouts is fun!

This offer expires Mar. 31, 1981.

MASTER CARD and VISA accepted on orders over \$10.00.

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN E ☐ 50 DAY SUPPLY
88¢ Limit One of Any Size to a Family
400 UNIT CAPSULES ☐ 100 for 1.69
☐ 500 for 8.25
☐ 1000 for 15.98
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON

500 MG. VITAMIN C ☐ 100 for **99¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
with Rose Hips ☐ 500 for 4.95
☐ 1000 for 9.79
N217 Expires 3/31/81

Enclose Coupons Above With Order.

99 MG POTASSIUM TABLETS 100 TABLETS 1.25 500 for 5.00	HI-POTENCY STRESS FORMULA B Complex and Vitamin C. 100 TABLETS 1.95 250 for 4.75	THERAPEUTIC with MINERALS Therapeutic Multi-Vitamins with Minerals 100 TABLETS 2.49 500 for 11.25
---	---	--

"MULTI-NATURAL" Brewer's Yeast, Lecithin, Alfalfa, Kelp, Rose Hips, Wheat Germ, Apple Pectin, Wheat Germ, Dolomite, Desiccated Liver, Bone Meal A dozen Supplements in ONE TABLET 250 for 1.85 500 for 2.98 1,000 for 5.49	"B-15" ORIGINAL RUSSIAN FORMULA 100 Tablet Bottle 6.95 3 Bottles for 18.50
--	---

Enclose Coupons Below With Order.

MAIL ORDER COUPON
1,000 Mg. VITAMIN C with Rose Hips
☐ 100 For **1.98** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 9.49
☐ 1000 for 17.98
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
LECITHIN 19 Grain Capsules
☐ 100 Capsules **1.49** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 300 for 3.98
☐ 600 for 6.85
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
VITAMIN A 25,000 Units
☐ 100 for **89¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 4.15
☐ 1000 for 7.98
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
GINSENG 250 mg. Tablets
☐ 100 For **1.49** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 6.95
☐ 1000 for 12.49
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
10 Mg. ZINC
☐ 100 For **39¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 1.89
☐ 1000 for 3.49
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
Our "Top-B" B-Complex "50"
Famous Formula at a Sensational Low Price! Every capsule contains 50 mg. B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Panto Acid, Choline, Inositol, 50mcg. B12, Biotin, 50mg. Paba, 100 mcg. Folic Acid.
☐ 50 for **1.89** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 100 for 3.49
☐ 250 for 7.98
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
"BIG 4" Kelp, Vit. B6, Lecithin and Cider Vinegar
☐ 100 For **79¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 3.50
☐ 1000 for 6.49
N217 Expires 3/31/81

MAIL ORDER COUPON
Garlic Oil Capsules
☐ 100 For **68¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 3.28
☐ 1000 for 6.39
N217 Expires 3/31/81

FEEL TIRED? WANT PEP?

Try "ENERGY TABS" containing Fructose, a unique form of sugar that goes directly into the bloodstream—giving you almost instant energy and pep when you feel weary and drowsy due to low blood sugar. 100% natural and safe for normal tired folks. "ENERGY TABS" must give you the power and pep you expect or you can return the empty bottle for a full refund. Send \$5 for 150 "ENERGY TABS" (Trial size—24 Tabs. \$1.25)

SAME INGREDIENTS AS "ZOOM" ORDER OUR "LIFT" TABLETS
90 TABLET BOTTLE **8.95** 3 BOTTLES FOR 23.50

ALFALFA Tablets 100 TABLETS 49¢ 500 for 1.95	DOLOMITE Calcium Rich 100 TABLETS 49¢ 500 for 1.85	500 MG. ASCORBIC ACID VITAMIN C 100 TABLETS 1.39 500 for 6.59
--	--	---

MULTI-MINERALS 9 VITAL MINERALS 100 TABLETS 1.25 500 for 5.49	HERBAL LAXATIVE 100 TABLETS 1.25 500 for 4.95	Super Potency 500 MCG VITAMIN B12 100 TABLETS 1.49 500 for 6.25
---	---	---

"SPECIAL C-500" 500 mg. Vit C Plus Rose Hips 100 mg. Bioflavonoids 50 mg. Rutin, 25 mg. Hesperidin 100 TABLETS 2.49 500 for 10.98 Delivered To Your Door—No Postage Charge	PAPAYA PAPAINE (Digestant) 100 TABLETS 95¢ 500 for 4.25	HERBAL DIURETIC 100 TABLETS 1.75 500 for 6.50
--	---	---

MASTER CARD and VISA accepted

GRAPEFRUIT DIET PILL
Contains one of the strongest diet aids available without prescription. Includes modern, effective diet plan that lets you enjoy 3 delicious meals and snacks everyday as you lose weight.
90 FOR **\$2.98**
500 for 9.85

VITAMINS FOR HAIR CARE
Same Formula as others charged \$9.95 for 50 Day Supply
NOW **3.95**
50 DAY SUPPLY **7.49**
100 DAY SUPPLY **16.49**

VITAMIN E CAPSULES

FINEST QUALITY—100% PURE ALPHA TOCOPHERYL GELATIN CAPSULES

	100 FOR	500 FOR	1000 FOR
100 UNIT CAPSULES	98¢	4.69	8.98
200 UNIT CAPSULES	1.79	8.49	16.59
400 UNIT CAPSULES	2.89	14.19	27.49
1000 UNIT CAPSULES	6.89	32.98	59.85

BREWERS YEAST TABLETS 250 Tablets 95¢ 1000 for 2.95	KELP Tablets (Iodine) 100 TABLETS 49¢ 1000 for 2.49	Desiccated LIVER TABLETS 100 TABLETS 79¢ 500 for 3.49	VITAMIN B6 50 MG. Tablets 100 Tablets 1.39 500 for 5.50
---	---	---	---

PRICES IN THIS AD GOOD UNTIL MAR. 31, 1981

Nutrition Headquarters Money Saving MAIL ORDER BLANK

THE BEST TIME TO SAVE IS NOW! **RUSH Your Order Now!**

104 West Jackson St. N217
Carbondale, Ill. 62901

List items you wish here:

QUANTITY	SIZE	NAME OF PRODUCT	TOTAL PRICE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ☐ WE PAY ALL POSTAGE ☐ TOTAL—amount enclosed ☐

MASTER CARD and VISA accepted on orders over \$10.00. Give card number, expiration date and bank number if Master Card.

SEED SPROUTER FREE ☐ If you check this box and mail your order before Mar. 31, 1981, we will include in your order a seed sprouter.

PRINT NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

© 1981 Nutrition Headquarters

KATHARINE'S LETTER — Concl.

church I met the Stevenson family, who hosted my packed belongings and me for four weeks while I looked for a house to rent and then wanted me to stay longer. When I did finally find my lovely little house in Bethesda, and had filled it with new roommates, I was ecstatic. Living with these girls is a wonderful experience. Though we were strangers in January, we are now fast friends and spend lots of our free time simply enjoying each other's company. It's a true blessing that everything has fallen together so perfectly and I thank God for this. It certainly proves to me that I made the right decision in coming here. My church, my work, my classes at the National Institute of Health, my adventures in Washington, have kept me so frantically occupied that the weeks flash past in a daze. I'm keeping a journal just so someday I can look back and remember what a splendid time this has been.

Until later,
Katharine

Every job is important or it wouldn't exist. And how one does that job is more important than what it is.

FAVORITE RECIPES

Spiral bound, 6"x9½" book of 60 blank pages ready for you to write or paste in your own favorite recipes. White cover is imprinted in black with "Favorite Recipes of (write in your name)". Only **\$1.00**.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

of the whole incident was that by the time the power was back on it was too late to start out; we just unpacked the car and called it quits for our weekend trip. That's the first time we've ever had any plans fall through because we couldn't get the car out of the garage.

This winter I've been rereading some books that I hadn't looked at since they were first published a good many years ago, particularly two books written by Ernie Pyle, a truly remarkable reporter who wrote during World War II. One book is titled *Brave Men*, and the other is *Here's Your War*. When you think of some of the reporters we have to put up with today, it is a tremendous relief to find a man who laid no claims whatsoever to being hot stuff and all-important. (I think a few of the reporters have abscessed egos.) Ernie Pyle was and continues in his books to be a heart-warming man . . . to put it mildly.

I still remember the sense of shock and loss I felt when word came that he had been killed by a Japanese sniper out in the Pacific. And, incidentally, people who are familiar with Albuquerque have good reason to remember his work because there is an Ernie Pyle branch library and an Ernie Pyle public school. The two books that I have mentioned are here in our Shenandoah library. If your library does not have them, you can ask the local librarian to borrow them from some other library if they have arrangements to exchange books that are requested.

Around the middle of the month, we are looking forward to having a visit from Betty Jane's daughter, Naomi Tilsen, of

San Francisco. She is flying into Omaha and we're going to keep our fingers crossed on the weather. Only 100% ice-covered roads would prevent us from driving up to get her.

I've been trying to work out a schedule for Mary Lea Palo to come down from Omaha with Isabel and Christopher for some radio visits with you, but flu has taken its toll in the Palo home and to date we haven't been able to manage such a project.

Next month Juliana will be writing to you friends in this space, so until the month of May, I must say goodbye.

Your faithful friend,

Lucile

I'M FINE

There's nothing whatever the matter with me.

I'm just as healthy as I can be!
I have arthritis in both my knees,
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
I think my life is out of whack,
And I've a terrible pain in the small of my back,

My hearing is poor, and my sight's sorta dim—

Fact is, most everything seems out of trim.

The doctor says my days may be few
For every week I find something new,
And the way I stagger 'round is surely a crime.

'Spouse I might drop over 'most any time,
But I'm doing fairly well for in such a spin

I'm awfully well, really, for the shape I'm in.

I have arch supports for both my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to go out on the street.

My fingers are knobby and stiff in the joints;

My nails are impossible to keep in nice points;

My complexion's grown sallow and I've got dry skin;

But I'm pretty well, really, for the shape I'm in.

Sleeplessness I have, night after night,
And in the morning, am I ever a sight!

My memory is failing, my hair's grown thin;

I'm practically livin' on aspirin;
But, still I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral of this story that we unfold
Is that for you and me, who are growin' old

If we'd start saying, "I'm fine" with a grin,
It just might do something for the shape we're in!

—Unknown



COUNTRY STYLE DREAMS do come true



No, we haven't gotten the **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** to grow on trees, but the way in which they are growing into favorites on salads throughout the Midwest makes us think they should!

If you've been dreaming about ways to help your family enjoy the fruits and vegetables which are so good for them, experiment with the three excellent **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**.

FRENCH is perfect for fruit as well as vegetables.

ITALIAN is just right for tossed salads and as a marinade for cooked vegetables.

COUNTRY STYLE perks up everything it touches from lettuce wedges to sliced tomatoes.

MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE—USE ALL THREE.

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send **\$2.00** for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

May ads due March 10
June ads due April 10
July ads due May 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Pre-Cut Metal Patterns, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$1.00. Quilts, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

PECANS: QUART EACH HALVES, PIECES, MEAL. THREE-QUART SAMPLER \$9.95 POSTPAID. TENPECO, BOX 638-K, RUTHERFORD, TN. 38369.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD—Jewelry, gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free Information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

GREAT SAUSAGE RECIPES, illustrated book with over 100 recipes explaining sausage making, curing, smoking. Free equipment and supply catalog: SAUSAGEMAKER, 177-65 Military, Buffalo, N.Y. 14207.

GOSPEL PIANISTS: Add chords, "runs", progressions. Twenty lessons, "Playing Evangelistic Style Piano". \$6.95. Evangelical Music, KK-1, Hawarden, Iowa 51023.

FREE REPORT "SELLING RECIPES BY MAIL". CURTIS BOOKS, Box 1493-A, LENOIR, N.C. 28645.

LOSE 15 POUNDS mixing two cooking ingredients! \$2.00. Recipe, 2060 East Second, Fremont, Nebraska 68025.

COOKBOOK of Favorite Recipes. 500 recipes plus helpful hints. \$3.00 postpaid. First United Methodist Church, 4th Philip, Norfolk, Nebr. 68701.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126

DISHTOWELS, 30x38, good weight, bleached, hemmed, \$1.29 each, minimum order 1 dozen, include \$1.50 per dozen for shipping and handling. Miller Supply Co., 2275 Territorial Rd., Dept. KK, St. Paul, MN. 55114

CHINESE COOKING: Hunan, Mandarin, Cantonese, 3 Recipes, \$3.00. S. Chan, Box 57847, Webster, Texas 77598

SAVE: Make your own yogurt. Instructions and recipes. \$1.00 SASE. Dorothy Weinberger, Artesian, S.D. 57314

FUN CALENDAR! Raise money for church group or club, pennies each day for one month; \$3.25. Dena Fischer, Box 86, Manchester, Iowa 52057.

NEVER FAIL pie crust, Sugarless Maple Apple Pie, Apple Butterscotch Cookies, \$1.00 plus stamped envelope. Al's Recipes, Atalissa, Iowa 52720.

BINGO EXPERIENCE Interested in Bingo products. Write John M. Grace Co., 2055 Research Drive. Livermore, California 94550.

BINGO EXPERIENCE KIT. One Magnetic Wand with 200 Bingo Chips. Use this unique device and save time during BINGO GAMES. To order send \$5.50 plus .80 for postage and allow 14 days for delivery. John M. Grace Co., 2055 Research Drive. Livermore, California 94550. U.S. Patent No. 4,172,597.

HERBS FREE SAMPLES

WRITE FOR TRIAL SUPPLY OR BUY AT DISCOUNT
Per 100 Capsules

Burdock Root — Used as Arthritis Aid	\$4.95
Gotu-Kola — Taken to Slow Aging	5.25
Chickweed — Selected as Fat Dissolver	5.95
Comfrey Root — Used as Blood Cleanser	4.50
Bee Pollen — Taken for Stress & Energy	5.50

Send Check or Money Order — FREE Brochure.
ESTES CO., INC. Dept. KT Alma, Georgia 31510

BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS

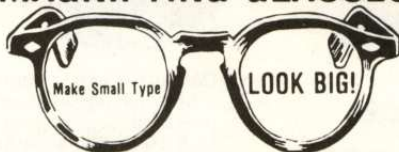


FULL COLOR
20 FOR 2⁵
NO LIMIT
FAST
SERVICE

2 1/2" x 3 1/2" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied (11 x 14 or smaller). Send color photo, neg. or slide. One pose per order. Your original returned. Add 50¢ for first class service. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. F-49
543 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50302

MAGNIFYING GLASSES



A Blessing For Folks Over 40

Easily read your phone book, Bible, ads or labels! 30 day home trial. Not for astigmatism or eye disease. U.S. made impact resistant lenses. State age/sex. Only \$6.98 + 75¢ handling. Precision Optical, Dept. 143-W, Rochelle, ILL. 61068

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



EVA MAE

Doll Co., Dept. K
1931 15th Street
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

KIT: Hand painted china head, arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes. 16" tall \$23.75 P.P.

Assembled: Undressed, with patterns for clothes 16" \$35.75

Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style. 16" \$47.75 P.P.

Catalogue 50¢

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ★

• BUY DIRECT • 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Body Aids \$99.50 up. Tiny, inconspicuous All-in-the-Ear; Behind-the-Ear; Eye Glass Aids. One of the largest selections of fine quality aids. Very low battery prices. Write for FREE literature. No salesman will ever call. Good hearing is a wonderful gift.

★ **LLOYD CORP.** ★ Dept. KT.
128 Kish St., Rockford, Ill. 61104

1000 GOLD STRIPE LABELS 75¢



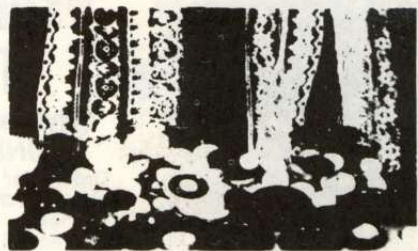
FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX

1000 Gold Stripe, 2 Color, gummed, padded Labels, printed with ANY name, address & Zip Code. 75¢ + 10¢ pstg. & hdg., or 85¢ in all Or. 3 sets, all the same or each set different. only \$2.40 pdd Fund raisers write for quantity prices

Money Back Guarantee. FREE GIFT BOX! Pls allow up to 6 wks for delivery

LABEL CENTER
315 N. Tenth St.

Dept. GS-146,
St. Louis, Mo. 63101



40 YARDS LACE \$1.75

LACE — LACE — LACE . . . 40 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length—none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double, knit fabrics. Only \$1.75 or double orders \$3.35. 3 orders just \$4.95. Pls. include 50¢ pstg. and hdg. with EACH set of 40 yards you buy. Satisfaction guaranteed!

FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS!

50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes and shapes. Sent FREE with each lace order. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery.

LACE LADY
315 No. Tenth St.

Dept. LB-566,
St. Louis, Mo. 63101

FREE 1981 Table & Chair Catalog

BUY DIRECT & SAVE

Buy at low, factory-direct prices and save on tables, chairs, risers and more! Get your 1981 Monroe Catalog just by calling us toll-free, today!

1-800-247-2488 Ext. 51
(Iowa residents call collect: 515/674-3511)

MONROE
THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St., Colfax
IA 50054



ORDER TODAY! SAVE up to 50%



Early Spring Color
Beautiful Borders

CREeping PHLOX

1/2 PRICE
6 for \$1.00

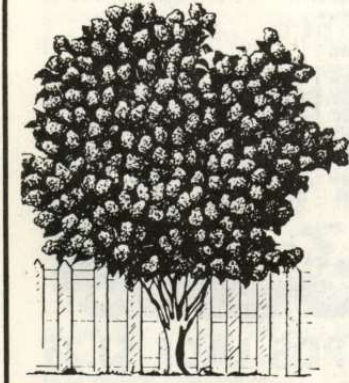
rich colors of creeping phlox—rosy red, blue, pure white, and pearl pink—are a delight in early spring when little else is blooming. And these hardy EVERGREEN plants make lovely ground covers or borders ALL YEAR. Strong field divisions grow to 4", thrive in sun or partial shade. Use the handy coupon below to order colorful creeping phlox (Phlox Sublata) at this low sale price.

EXTRA BONUS!

HYDRANGEA TREE

(Hydrangea P.G.)
ONLY 25¢

Orders for \$6 or more can also purchase the color-changing Hydrangea Tree (a reg. \$2.00 value) for only 25¢. Choice 1 1/2' 3' plants! Only one 25¢ bonus per customer.



NOW 1/2 PRICE!
FIVE YEAR OLD—1 to 2 ft. TALL
COLORADO
BLUE SPRUCE
ONLY \$1.00 each

3 for \$2.50

6 for \$4.50



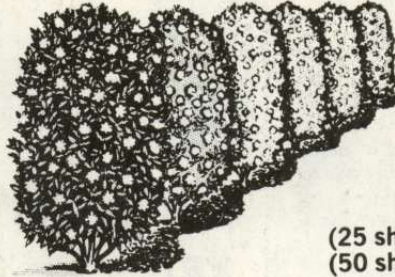
(Picea Pungens Glauca) at one-half our regular catalog price. These select, branched, 5-year-old transplanted trees are not seedlings—they are at least 1 to 2 feet tall. Having been transplanted, the root system is well developed and will help the plant to get off to a fast start. Colorado Blue Spruce will add real value to your property. Buy now while our 1/2 price sale lasts and have the added pleasure of shaping your tree just the way you want while you watch it grow.

ORDER GUARANTEED PLANTS TODAY!

All items guaranteed to be of high quality, and to arrive in good healthy condition or purchase price will be refunded. RETURN SHIPPING LABEL ONLY—you may keep the items. (One year limit). Please add 65¢ to order total to help cover postage and handling.

HOUSE OF
WESLEY
Nursery Division
Bloomington,
Illinois 61701

ROSE OF SHARON HEDGE



100 FEET OF
FRIENDLY FENCE

ONLY \$2.98

(25 shrubs—100 ft.)
(50 shrubs—200 ft. \$5.75)

Delightful blossoms of red, white, or purple each summer in a lifetime fence of natural beauty. Rose of Sharon hedge—a practical, lovely fence for your landscape—will grow naturally to 5-10 ft. for an informal privacy screen or can be trimmed for a neat colorful hedge. You'll get healthy 1-2' shrubs. (Hibiscus Syriacus.)

BONUS!

Regular
\$1.00

RED PEONY

Bush for ONLY 15¢

Orders for \$4. or more can order one of these beautiful Peony bushes for only 15¢. Only one 15¢ bonus per customer.



CREeping RED SEDUM

RED SUMMER FLOWERS
EVERGREEN WINTER
FOLIAGE

4 for \$1.00

Strong versatile Sedum (Sedum Spurium Dragons Blood) will bring gay color to rock gardens, borders, edgings, shady places, and steep banks. The neat 3-4" tall cover will spread quickly to form a dense perennial mat with red star-like flowers all summer. Each plant will easily and quickly fill one square foot. Order now at this low price and receive hardy northern nursery grown plants.

8 for \$1.75

12 for \$2.50

24 for \$4.75

48 for \$9.25

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

HOUSE OF WESLEY, Nursery Division

Dept. 6947-45, Bloomington, Illinois 61701

Please send the following items:

How Many	Cat. No.	Item	Cost
	182	Blue Spruce	
	241	Creeping Phlox	
	242	Creeping Red Sedum	
	632	Red Peony Bonus 15¢	
	741	Rose of Sharon Hedge	
	848	Tree Hydrangea Bonus 25¢	
TOTAL			

Please add 65¢ for postage & handling.
Illinois residents please add 5% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____